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Counter Attack in Spain

General Lister's advance across the Ebro is the first Loyalist offensive movement which has seemed to possess an adequate strategic objective. Directed against the communications of Franco's army on the Mediterranean front, it has, by a comparatively short advance, brought the operations against Valencia to a complete standstill. Unfortunately, its own communications are extremely precarious, being dependent on temporary floating bridges across the Ebro which can hardly be maintained against repeated air attacks. It is doubtless this difficulty, preventing the reinforcement and supply of the Loyalist forces, which has prevented a further advance and has perhaps prevented a decisive success in this region.

Meanwhile, the long heralded closing of the French border does not yet appear to have been fully accomplished, and supplies, in somewhat diminished volume, continue to trickle through into Catalonia. This is unquestionably the fruit of the reluctance of the French General Staff to see Franco's German and Italian allies established on the Pyrenees frontier. Another explanation of Franco's recent ineffectiveness may be the using up of his shock troops. From Spain come reports that the first contingent of Moors were nearly all killed in the drive against Madrid which ended early in November, 1936. The second supply of Moors was killed at Belchite and Teruel. The Foreign Legion has been shot to pieces; the Navarrese are now his best troops, his second line is Galicians and Italians, and his third line is non-existent.

The NLRB and States' Rights

The strike at the Maytag Washing Machine plant at Newton, Iowa, has become a matter of importance. It first attracted national attention when District Judge Homer A. Fuller offered his astonishing bargain to the officials of the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers arrested on charges of violating an anti-picketing injunction. Judge Fuller promised to parole the three men and cancel their fines if they would arrange to have the strike called off. Now the Maytag strike has become the point of issue between the National Labor Relations Board and the State of Iowa and has raised the ancient question of a federal government agency's powers within a state. The Union asked the NLRB to enter its controversy with the Maytag company after many weeks of unsuccessful attempts to confer with the management, which has also refused to coöperate with a state arbitration board appointed by Governor Nels G. Kraschel.

As the National Labor Relations Board hearing got under way, Governor Kraschel declared a state of martial law in Newton and ordered the National Guard to close the proceedings, on the ground that they threatened to create disturbances. Until this act, at least, the Union believed Governor Kraschel was conscientiously trying to get the dispute settled, but it regards the forceful stoppage of the hearings as part of the reactionary drive, led by "Little Steel," to undermine unionism and discredit the Labor Relations Board. Now the hearings are recessed, waiting for Washington to decide the next move.

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Spies, Ministers and Company Unions

The La Follette Civil Liberties Committee is adding daily to the documentary evidence against the "Little Steel" companies, exposing their strike-breaking techniques and their attempts to build anti-union opinion. Recently the Committee recorded the efforts of Republic Steel to "persuade" the newspapers of Birmingham, Alabama, to side with the management in their labor editorials. Now the testimony includes the story of Youngstown Sheet and Tube and its ponderous scheme to bribe the clergy of Youngstown, Pennsylvania, by giving an honorary dinner to thirty members of the Ministerial Association. Open-shop propaganda from the pulpit would have been cheap at twice the price of fresh fruit cup, broiled chicken and ice cream neapolitan, but apparently the plot worked out badly. At least one of the guests, the Reverend Orville C. Jones of the Plymouth Congregational Church, remained unpersuaded and told the facts to the La Follette investigators. Other testimony of the past week reported the formation of the Republic Steel "independent" company union, organized shortly before the 1937 CIO strike, to which Tom Girdler contributed $5,000 and Ernest T. Weir $2,500. Several of the union organizers who were brutally attacked near Republic Steel's plants stood up in the court room and, in dramatic scenes, identified their assailants among the company police. The director and city purchasing agent of Monroe, Michigan, said Republic Steel paid $1,566 for munitions purchased and used by city police during the 1937 strike. And the chief of the company police described his bribe of $300 to one organizer to stop his work, turn spy and supply the company with the names of new union workers. Of all the testimony dealing with espionage none is more sickening than that of workers who sell isolated bits of information at a high price and are then blackmailed by the company into becoming permanent members of the spy staff.

Bulgaria Rearms

With the signing of the new treaty between Bulgaria and Greece, the disarmament clauses of the Treaty of Neuilly become a dead letter *de jure* as well as *de facto*. The entrance of Bulgaria into the Balkan Entente, of which the other members are Greece, Turkey, Jugoslavia and Rumania, seems certain to follow and a subsequent development of high probability is a similar arrangement by which Hungary will be able to rid herself of the legal shackles of the Treaty of Trianon. Thus, the disarmament fruits of the several Versailles treaties become dead-sea apples; there remains only their legacy of hatred and latent vengeance. Whether there is also foreshadowed a drawing together of all the nations of southeastern Europe to resist the accomplishment of Nazi ambitions in that direction, it is perhaps suppose that such a development would be displeasing to Italy; and Italian diplomacy has been very active of late in Bulgaria, Greece, Hungary and Jugoslavia.

Mistrial in Harlan

It is hardly surprising that the trial of Harlan County, Kentucky, coal operators and deputy sheriffs (held in the nearby town of London) should have ended in a mistrial. The mountain jury was asked to decide the guilt or innocence of about fifty-five defendants, and every possible effort was made to stir up sentiment against the prosecution as being a pack of "foreigners" (strangers). During or just before the trial, two men were shot and killed by unknown persons, and both victims were former deputy sheriffs of whom it was thought that they might turn state's evidence and betray the defendants. In the final week of the trial, the courtroom buzzed with reports that some members of the jury had been bribed or threatened. Although ten days earlier the jurors were eleven to one for conviction, at the end only five were for conviction in all cases. Three were for acquitting all defendants, and four would have found part of them guilty. One juror was discovered to have an undying hatred of unions. The prosecution has moved for a new trial and the judge will hear arguments September 17.

California, There She Stands

Anti-union sentiment in California among the state's employers continues as strong as ever, and has recently been revealed in several ways. The daily press has told the story of how a vigilante mob at Westwood drove out of town about 1,000 striking lumbermen, members of a CIO union. Two measures that would cripple labor seriously are coming up for consideration at this fall's election. One of them is already assured a place on the ballot, through initiative petition, and this is likely to prove true of the other one as well. One of these, sponsored by the Women of the Pacific, would, under the pretext of incorporating unions, make it nearly impossible for them to function. The second, endorsed by the Committee for Peace and Employment, limits the right of picketing so completely as almost to destroy it.

Another movement hostile to unions has been introduced in Shasta and Mendocino Counties, and is spreading rapidly through the state. The scheme requires union organizers to take out a license; it costs $10, is good in one county only, and expires after three months. The organizer can lose it at any time, must prove he is a good character, must promise not to encourage or recommend violence, intimidation, etc., and must say in advance in what industry he proposes to do his organizing. These licenses are issued by the County Board of Supervisors; if they are hostile, they can make it impossible for a union organizer to work—and

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The Hawaiian Clipper

The loss of the Hawaiian Clipper remains a mystery, perhaps will remain so forever. It is a little difficult to understand how so sturdy and well provided a flying boat, ably commanded and officered, could be lost so completely without trace, despite prevailing good weather and calm seas. A suspicious observer might note the presence among her passengers of a Chinese agent reputed to be carrying a considerable sum of money for the use of the Chinese government. But speculation as to the cause of the Clipper's loss arising from this, the one unusual circumstance about her, will very likely be profitless; for there are few deeper waters in the world than those above which the great ship was flying when last reported.

Hollywood Challenged

The government's anti-trust suit against the large motion-picture producers is in line with the new policy announced by Assistant Attorney General Thurman Arnold, who is in charge of these matters. The issue is not merely the technical one as to whether there is a conspiracy in restraint of trade or other practices violating the law. The government has set the suit in the background of the actual results which are being furthered and the public interest at stake. Through various methods the large producing companies are endangering the continued existence of small independent exhibitors, and are hampering their choice of films to show.

Thus public taste does not have sufficient opportunity to express itself. The manufacturer is forcing his choices on the public, rather than the consumer having the opportunity to choose for himself by patronage of competing attractions. Films out of the ordinary, which might succeed with part of the public or in given localities, do not have a chance. Maverick producers cannot market their wares. Variety is at a discount; there may be a loss in quality. It is interesting that an economic action of this kind should be initiated, not primarily in the interest of lower prices to the public or of business opportunity, but for reasons having to do with esthetic standards and appreciation.

News Notes of a Week

While the center of world interest in the Far East shifted to relations between Japan and Soviet Russia, the Chinese and Japanese armies continued deadlocked in the Yangtze Kiang valley. The firm stand of the Chinese near Kiukiang thwarted the Japanese in their drive upriver toward Hankow. . . . Greece got into the headlines twice in quick succession: an attempted Cretan rebellion was suppressed, and Charles E. Bedaux, inventor of an efficiency system which labor unions describe as a speed-up, was retained to "rationalize" the version to "aryanism" produced strained relations between his government and the Vatican.

At home, politics took the center of the stage, with primary elections being held in a number of states. . . . In New York City, where the American Labor Party now has a loose working arrangement with the Republicans in two boroughs, the Communists were considering withdrawing their candidates in favor of the ALP; the Socialists, on the contrary, broke off negotiations looking toward a merger with the Labor Party. . . . The implacable hostility of the A. F. of L. toward the CIO, which is rapidly driving the Federation over to the right of the National Association of Manufacturers, was demonstrated with the announcement that the A. F. of L. would fight NLRB orders considered favorable to the CIO. . . . The Republicans met in Chicago to see if they could not improvise a policy.

Another Fateful August

IT WAS EARLY IN AUGUST, 1914, that the World War began, and fears are now being expressed that the next great war will begin in August, 1938—some hardy souls even going so far as to fix the date as approximately the fifteenth. Why have these fears arisen?

The center of danger is Czechoslovakia. Called by Major Eliot in our columns "the bastion of Europe," it lies athwart any march to the east on the part of Hitlerized Germany. As long as it survives, or is not reduced to impotence, Hitler cannot with safety pass through his Austrian corridor into the Balkans, nor can he, of course, penetrate to the wheat of the Ukraine or the oil of Rumania. He might, while preparing to attack this citadel, win some minor victory in Danzig or Lithuania, or go on with an encircling movement by strengthening his grip on Hungary. But if he wishes to proceed with the program announced in "Mein Kampf," he cannot go much further without humbling the Czechs. It is perfectly obvious that his diplomacy has for many months held that as its major objective.

But critical decisions are being made in Czechoslovakia. Hitler's wedge there consists of the German Nazi minority, organized into the Sudeten party. This minority demands autonomy and virtually complete control of the territory where it chiefly lives. This territory is on the German border and includes the most important fortifications and munitions works. If the Sudetens could control this block of country, it would be much more difficult for Prague to resist any future German advance. Hence the German agitation for self-determination of the Sudeten Deutsch. The Czech government has long considered and is now preparing concessions to the German minority—the utmost concessions that can be made without military danger to the republic. Of course these concessions will not be enough for Hitler

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ernment will offer and whether the Sudeten party will accept the offer are to be made this August.

Hitler does not want war yet—least of all a general European war. He wants to take his bites of Europe one at a time and by show of overpowering force that will stifle resistance, until he has won enough to challenge his major and ultimate enemies. But on several occasions he has shown that he is willing to incur the risk of war to gain his immediate ends—ends that he scarcely could gain otherwise. War has been averted in these cases only because the enemy did not resist.

In the present instance Hitler has played his hand well in order to bring the utmost possible pressure against Czechoslovakia. He has striven desperately to separate her allies, France and the USSR. He has brought Britain into the negotiations virtually as his emissary. Feverish activity is going on to fortify the Austrian border opposite the Czech republic. The frontier facing France has been closed to military observers. No doubt a word has been dropped in the right places in London that if Germany does not get what she wants she will fight; and this has brought Viscount Runciman running to Prague in order to try to make the Czechs give Germany what she wants. No doubt Hitler hopes by these means to win another bloodless victory that will render Czechoslovakia defenseless when he is ready to take his next move.

But the Czechs understand his strategy, even if the British do not. They will fight rather than surrender their independence. If they have to fight, they would rather fight now than after Hitler has weakened their military position and has further strengthened his own. Naturally they would be defeated in a long war if they had to fight alone. But here they hold a trump card. They still rely on the French and Soviet alliances, because they believe that neither country would dare, for its own sake, to desert them once war had started. And they know also that Great Britain, whatever she says now, would be drawn in on the side of France.

The danger is, then, that Hitler, hoping to force Czechoslovakia to surrender the crucial issue of Sudeten Deutsch autonomy without a struggle, will take steps toward war that are irretrievable if Czechoslovakia resists (since he will be led to believe that Great Britain and France will keep her from resisting), but that Czechoslovakia will nevertheless resist.

If Hitler becomes quite certain that he cannot win all he wants in the present crisis without war, he will probably pull in his horns, as he did before, during the recent Czechoslovakian elections. The problem of preserving peace at the moment seems to be to make him believe that the Czechs mean what they say and will not surrender. But the attitude of the British government, combined with its influence over France, makes this task doubly difficult. It appears that Chamberlain has thus led Europe to the very brink of the "totalitarian war." Neither the Eastern nor the West-

Siberian Dynamite

THE SITUATION between Japan and Russia gets worse and worse. It is true that we have long been hearing about incidents along the Manchukuo-Siberia border; it is likewise true that such incidents probably take place continually, and are reported only when it is to the interest of one side or the other to do so. What is happening now, however, goes beyond mere border incidents and approaches full-scale war. From Moscow come reports of a two-day battle in which a Japanese division was hurled back through the use of tanks, artillery and airplanes, with sixty-eight Soviet casualties and an estimated 400 Japanese. Tokyo claims to have shot down five Soviet bombers over Korea.

Which side is forcing the fighting? No one at this distance can say, though we can suggest various alternative explanations. Some of the possibilities were listed in our pages last week. Japan may be sounding out Russian determination, before sending some of her best troops, now in Manchukuo, south into China. Soviet Russia may be engaged in a demonstration to prevent such action. The Japanese army, so often a law to itself, may be taking steps to make it impossible for troops to be sent south. Japan may be acting at the request of Germany, which is anxious to find out whether the recent Russian purges have upset the morale of the army.

Students of Oriental psychology who have lived long in the East offer another possible interpretation, though it is one difficult for Westerners to understand. They say that if Japan believed she were bogging down in China and that disaster were ahead, she might deliberately seek to embroil herself with Russia as well, on the ground that there would be less disgrace in being defeated by two powers together than by China alone. An objection to this interpretation is the fact that the Japanese do not seem to believe they are faced by imminent disaster.

One other explanation of the border incidents must be mentioned. Soviet Russia is on the whole the most pacific of the great powers. She has no such ambitions as Germany and Japan. She might well believe, however, that the best defense is attack and that since Japan has for years boasted openly of her intention to invade Siberia, the present is as good a time as any to call her bluff and bring her to terms. Japan and Soviet Russia are already fighting, of course, in China, where Soviet airplanes are helping the Chinese to resist the attack of Japanese aviators.

We do not yet know which of all these explanations is the correct one, or whether any of them is. One thing is certain, however: Eastern Siberia and Czechoslovakia are like two craters of a single volcano. What we have in the world today is rapidly approaching the status of

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Medical Monopoly

BY MOVING TO INDICT the American Medical Association and its Washington affiliate under the anti-trust laws, the government is attacking at its weakest point the reactionary attitude of organized medicine toward the economic problem of providing more adequate medical care for those who cannot now afford to pay for it. The question which the Attorney General's office is investigating is whether, by expelling doctors, conspiring with hospitals and boycotting, organized medicine is illegally trying to prevent coöperative health associations from obtaining medical services for their members.

The statement explaining this action, issued by Assistant Attorney General Arnold, is a model of fairness and restraint. It quotes the statistics showing the parallelism between low income and heavy incidence of disease. It explains that the lack of adequate medical services is not the fault of the individual doctor, no matter how much of his time he may give to charity, but rather of the inequitable distribution of income and the increasing cost of adequate care. It declares that the prospective indictment involves no charge of moral turpitude against the medical profession, and leaves the way open for a consent decree on the basis of obedience to the law. The proceeding is thus like a warning by a traffic policeman to a driver who, bound on legitimate business, passes a red light. But it raises squarely the issue whether, in view of the circumstances, organized medicine has the legal right to block attempts by consumers to coöperate for the purpose of equalizing the burden of medical costs.

The specific occasion of the action is one that will appeal to all of us. Government employees in Washington formed a consumers' coöperative known as Group Health Association. Each member pays a stated amount a year, for which the Association contracts to supply him with required medical services. Thus the cost is distributed according to the insurance principle. The Association set up a clinic and engaged doctors. But here organized medicine stepped in with a veto. By every means in its power it has tried to prevent doctors in good standing from saving Group Health. One who did so, at least, has been expelled from the Medical Association. When a member went to the hospital with acute appendicitis, the hospital refused to allow Group Health's surgeon to operate, and thus forced the member to forego the physician of his choice and the service for which he had paid, incurring extra expense for another surgeon. A heart specialist called into consultation for another member did not dare to consult, but saw the patient individually and sent his advice by correspondence to the patient's own doctor. These are but a few instances.

cal service is the last thing that the American Medical Association ought to oppose. Even its stock arguments against social medicine simply do not apply. Organized medicine boasts of the amount of time doctors give to charity patients, and of the free clinics available, but the members of Group Health are salaried workers who are not eligible for free service and whose self-respect would not allow them to seek it. In this they are typical of millions throughout the United States who find doctors' bills, when serious illness occurs, a crushing burden. The Medical Association fears governmental bureaucracy and centralized control of doctors by the state. Group Health threatens neither—it is voluntary and local. Doctors talk of undermining the self-respect and health of patients by making dependents out of them. But coöperative endeavor is sturdy independence. Coöperative hospital associations, paying for hospital services on an insurance basis, now exist in over sixty cities, have more than 1,500,000 members, and are strikingly successful. If hospitals can be recompensed under the provisions of such a plan, why cannot doctors?

The American Medical Association, under the leadership of Dr. Morris Fishbein and its present officers, is exhibiting stubborn stupidity in using its professional authority over individual physicians to fight against coöperative efforts of consumers. If it contests the present action in the courts, it will, we believe, be heading for a fall. Perhaps group associations are not the ideal solution, but at least the experiment should be tried. At the recent National Health Conference in Washington, Dr. Irwin Abell, President of the AMA, called for controlled experiments in solving the problem of medical care. What better experiment than this could be asked for? Intelligent doctors themselves ought to be restive about being placed in this false position by the officials of their national organization. Many already are so.

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Trouble in the UAW

THIS ARTICLE will tell two stories. As originally planned by the writer and The New Republic's editors, it was to have been a balanced account of the split which has developed in the CIO's big automobile workers' union in Detroit. But now it must include the story of the article itself.

Not long ago several members of the Unity, or left-wing, faction held an informal press conference in New York City, at which they outlined what seemed both to the writer and the editors of The New Republic a fresh and at least superficially convincing version of the turbulent events in Detroit. But neither the writer nor The New Republic wished to go to print with what might prove to be a one-sided story. So they agreed that the writer should whip up a rough first draft based largely on the story as told by Unity leaders. The New Republic would then send it to Homer Martin in Detroit, the UAW's president and leader of its Progressive faction, inviting factual corrections, comment, or an entirely new version of the dispute if one existed and President Martin cared to give it.

This rough first draft substantially as it was then written and with only a few minor subsequent corrections, appears below:

The recent split in the United Auto Workers has its origin primarily in personalities and office politics, secondarily over the speed with which policies should be carried out. It reflects no present cleavage in the rank and file, although it may produce one. The two factions offer the workers substantially the same program, although the opposition to President Homer Martin favors the inclusion of all constructive forces in a somewhat more aggressive drive to achieve it.

President Martin's "Red purge" is being conducted under the auspices and following the advice of stanch Marxian Leninists (of the Lovestoneite persuasion) who have his confidence.

Its victims include a few Stalinist Communists and Socialists, but many more union officials who have displayed no particular interest in Karl Marx, but rather a grave concern over the recent tactical moves of Homer Martin.

Politically, the UAW rank and file is a fair cross-section of the American working class. It is predominantly Roosevelt New Deal, with a smattering of Republicans, Coughlinites, Communists, Black Legionnaires and Socialists. The adherents of the various Marxian sects would not number more than a thousand in all. It is reasonable to expect that they would

union theory and tactics, and their aggressive work as organizers and on the picket lines. Even if they could resolve their disputes they could not control the UAW, but they might be the strongest single influence in its counsels.

Factional differences in the UAW first came to the surface in the spring of 1937, just before the union's Milwaukee convention, when President Martin called a meeting of his most trusted advisers at South Bend, Indiana. Roughly it represented the right wing of the UAW, and assembled under the title of the "Progressive Caucus for the Preservation of the Union." President Martin had recently allied himself with Richard Frankensteen, dynamic young leader who headed the powerful Chrysler-Dodge union in Detroit, and the working friendship was to be cemented by a union vice-presidency for Frankensteen. It could be achieved by eliminating two leftists from the current list of officers: First Vice-President Wyndham Mortimer, who had Stalinist leanings, and Second Vice-President Ed Hall, who had been expressing impatience with what he regarded as President Martin's dilatory policies. But in making up the new slate of officers President Martin hesitated to disturb a third leftist, so the UAW's popular Secretary-Treasurer George Addes, ardent New Dealer and Roman Catholic, remained temporarily on the Progressive slate.

Faced with a purge, the UAW's left in self-defense immediately called a Unity caucus in Toledo. What they wanted was the status quo. So they sent an emissary of peace to the rightist Progressive caucus still in session at South Bend. Speaking for the Unity group, Walter Reuther, Socialist and head of the 30,000 members of Detroit's West Side Local, proposed that both caucuses disband and their leaders agree on a new slate which would include both Frankensteen and the old leftist vice-presidents, but Martin's Progressives booed him from the hall.

The two caucuses adjourned after adopting separate slates; the Progressives endorsing Frankensteen but dumping all leftists except powerful and popular George Addes, while the Unity group endorsed Martin for president, accepted Frankensteen, according to Martin's wishes, but retained the other old officers.

The UAW's leftist leaders trace much of the present friction to the high place which Communists of the Lovestoneite schism occupy in President Martin's confidence. Jay Lovestone, as most New Republic readers may remember, was once secretary of the American Communist Party, but in 1929 was abruptly canned from this high office for the heresy of having

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Independent Communist Labor League is small in membership but at present high in the appointive offices of the UAW. Unity's account of its rise is that Homer Martin began to lean heavily for theory and tactics on William Munger, head of the research staff in the UAW's Detroit office and a Lovestoneite Communist. As a result, it charges, Martin presently fired Frank Winn, Socialist UAW publicity director, and Henry Kraus, Stalinite Communist editor of its Auto Worker. In February, 1937, Jay Lovestone himself appeared in Detroit, since which time, according to Unity, Martin has been absorbing his advice and his schismatical ideology direct from the fountainhead. Eight Lovestoneites have been added to the UAW's headquarters payroll.

Unity points out that not one was elected by the workers. All were appointed, directly or indirectly by President Martin, and none has earned the respect of the rank and file through organizing work in the UAW's pioneer days. Unity's purged leaders, all with a record of such service behind them, feel with vehemence that President Martin has erred in picking his pinks from the parlor rather than from the picket lines, and pleasurably anticipate firing them if Unity gains power.

Unauspiciously heralded by the rival caucuses, last year's UAW convention in Milwaukee threatened to degenerate into a glutinous mass of wrangling groups, culminating in purges and rump unions. John L. Lewis first sent John Brophy to iron things out, and when he failed, arrived to save the day himself. In a magnificent speech, he pointed out that the convention should be a celebration of labor's recent victories—when two men, one on the other's shoulders, have just crossed Niagara Falls, they should rejoice instead of blaming each other for having leaned, at various points, a little too far left or right.

Under the spell of Lewis' oratory and the thump of his big fist the purge was abandoned, and the old list of officers left substantially unchanged, with the addition of Frankensteen and a vice-president. But at the next meeting of the UAW's executive board, President Martin carried out his deal with Frankensteen by announcing his appointment to the extra-constitutional office of "Assistant President," and Unity presently had plainer evidence that the fight was still on. In speeches and radio talks President Martin charged that thousands of dollars in union dues were being diverted to the Communist Party treasury by faithless officials of Unity locals. In proof of this he flourished from the platform purported affidavits, and read over the air what he said were clippings from The Daily Worker. But Unity committees could never get a chance to examine this evidence. The purge went on. Socialists Victor and Roy Reuther were fired as organizers and President Martin cleansed many Unity delved into their books and it was always easy to ferret out—in the hastily kept records of funds lavishly spent to win strikes—small irregularities. Whereupon President Martin would denounce these Unity officers as Reds, suspend them, appoint a soundly Progressive committee to supervise the union's affairs, and proceed to the next.

Now there actually are in the UAW a few locals whose officers include avowed Communists of the Stalinist persuasion. Militantly outstanding among these are the big and powerful tool-and-die unions, organized by the Communist Party's John Anderson and Nat Ganley. Tool-and-die workers comprise the aristocrats of skilled Detroit labor—highly intelligent workers whose pay runs from $1.50 to $1.90 per hour. Now President Martin has stormed at Reds from the platform. He has ousted from feeble unions Unity officials of an almost indistinguishable shade of pinkness, but he has not touched the avowed twenty-minute-egg Reds of tool and die. Maybe because these labor aristocrats—about 75 percent British-born and with deep trade-union traditions—are too tough to crack. Or because, if he removed their elected officers any steering committee he put in charge would, according to one Unity spokesman, "be blown out of there. And I mean *blown.*"

Unity officials on the Executive Board complained that Martin gave them little to do; honors and responsibilities were showered on Progressives in general and on Frankensteen in particular. To him Martin awarded the spectacular, difficult (perhaps then impossible) task of organizing Ford; at any rate Unity complained that he did little about it except get his picture taken on the bridge with Mr. Ford's dicks on top of him.

As the purges continued to the plaudits of the Hearst press, things were going smoothly for Martin: he held what seemed to be a bombproof Progressive majority on the Executive Board, yet deeper currents were stirring. The rank and file was sometimes unconvinced, and the Martin steering committees of former Unity-led locals found the men restive: some muttering must have reached Martin's ears. In the fall of 1937 he signed the General Motors agreement without referring it to the workers: when delegations tried to see him about this he evaded them. When they picketed his hotel he was furious. By agreement a committee was permitted to see him but when it knocked at the door Martin snatched a loaded revolver from the top of an open suitcase and jabbed it into the ribs of the spokesman. It was laughed off by Unity and explained by Martin on the grounds that he feared an attack; but it might indicate the state of President Martin's nerves.

The CIO state convention at Lansing in April, 1938, brought a significant shift: Dick Frankensteen

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that purges were threatening the union's existence. Perhaps he sensed rising Unity sentiment in the big Dodge-Chrysler union from which his own power stems. At all events he took the broader view—working with some Unity leaders at Lansing, and in a letter to all officers and board members favoring peace, abolition of all caucuses and aggressive organization of competing plants. When Martin publicly criticized his assistant president for "usurpation," Frankensteen, rising to icy heights of statesmanship, refused to "fight union battles in the press." Martin now presented his own twenty-point harmony program—it was not markedly different from that of Frankensteen—and at the Board's next meeting, fired him as assistant president and organizer of Ford.

Unity, anxious for peace, accepted Martin's twenty-point program, but late in May came the open split. The union had been considering an offer made for its insurance. It involved hundreds of thousands of dollars in premiums and the proposal seemed to offer the union many advantages, including such trinkets as free radio time. But the Executive Board (UAW's supreme authority between conventions) wanted more information. It voted that a Martin-appointed finance committee plus the seven national officers should investigate, but report to the Board for final action.

It presently developed that Martin's finance committee, consulting neither officers nor Board, had negotiated the terms. The Board met for a furious session in late May, its Unity members charging that the action was unauthorized and that the terms were detrimental to the rank and file's interest. For the first time Unity commanded a majority of the union's all-powerful board of twenty and Martin's power seemed broken. When this shift became apparent, Martin pulled all but two of his still loyal Progressives out of the meeting, so that the recalcitrants could not act in the absence of a quorum. But the new-forged Unity majority of thirteen held fast, for there had been no motion to adjourn. All day and all night they remained in session, until suddenly a wire came from Martin in Washington, ordering them to reconvene in that city.

They did, and John L. Lewis, called in to review the dispute, could see no important differences—merely, as he tried to point out to irate President Martin, matters of administrative detail—nothing to justify disrupting a union. Without success he tried to get Martin's Progressives to join in a unanimous statement to waiting reporters that all was harmonious. There were more conferences and finally Martin withdrew, presently to return with suspension tickets, which he handed to UAW Vice-Presidents Frankensteen, Mortimer, Hall and Wells, plus its Secretary-Treasurer George Addes. There remained in good standing only President Martin, who handed out the Progressive. But with the deduction of these five suspended names from the Board, Unity's single majority of thirteen shrunk to a minority of eight, and Martin was once more in control of the machinery of the UAW. Confronted with this situation, Walter Reuther rose in a board meeting, told President Martin he had made a grave mistake and with five other Unity board members withdrew from the meeting. Martin immediately threatened these six with suspension tickets, but as of July 25 they have not been served.

Returning to Detroit, Martin manned his microphones to denounce the UAW's suspended officers as Communists. But when charges were filed, they dwindled to such crimes as "caucusing" and "putsching," which Unity interprets as synonyms for challenging Martin's personal power. Meanwhile the suspended officers advised their locals that Martin's ousters were illegal and told them to continue paying dues to suspended Secretary-Treasurer Addes. On July 7, Martin served him with a notice to stand trial at 10 o'clock the following morning. Addes was represented by Maurice Sugar, formerly the UAW's general counsel but purged by Martin in April. Among Sugar's seven requests to the trial board were demands for more time, elimination of Martin from the trial court as he was the prosecuting officer, his (Sugar's) own court stenographer, the presence at the trial of an impartial CIO committee to see that it was fair, and the admission, as spectators, of representatives of the larger UAW locals. All of these demands being refused, Addes walked out, refusing to submit his fortunes to the ministrations of what Unity charges was a kangaroo court. This court promptly declared Addes expelled both from his office and his local union, which, Unity charges, is in violation of the UAW's constitution, as only the local itself is given this right.

Since that time locals which represent, according to Unity, 80 percent of the UAW's membership have formally asked reinstatement of Addes and the other four suspended officers, whose trials began July 25. And on July 15 in Washington thirteen presidents of the UAW locals in five Michigan and Ohio cities, representing more than 175,000 workers appealed for aid to John L. Lewis, promising to follow any course the CIO might suggest to heal the breach. They returned home after Lewis had unsuccessfully tried to get Martin to meet with them in Washington.

Martin has continued to strengthen his position, on paper at least, in the UAW's organization, going ahead with purges of what he terms "Communistic Elements," ousting Unity-minded officials from their posts in UAW locals at North Tarrytown, New York, Milwaukee and other cities.

Unity doubts that Martin will ever accept CIO intervention to heal the breach, because it believes him to be at heart opposed to the CIO. He has frequently

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sion John L. Lewis himself. Unity charges that Martin has refused to affiliate UAW locals in Wisconsin and California with their state CIO bodies, although the UAW's constitution stipulates that this is his duty. Martin argues that this clause is inoperative because no penalty is provided for non-performance. Unity also points to Martin's close contacts and frequent conferences with Dubinsky and other fractiously right-wing elements within the CIO as reasons for believing he may reject Lewis' mediation.

But Homer Martin's purge has won him new allies. In May, Father Coughlin's magazine Social Justice appeared in its new tabloid format with a cover picture of Mussolini, as its "Man of the Week," lauding him for his leadership in Spain and for breaking open the Popular Front in France. In the June 24 issue, Father Coughlin's Man of the Week was Homer Martin.

The manuscript draft of the above article, with a letter inviting comments, corrections or a reply, was mailed to Homer Martin. A member of The New Republic's regular staff then commented editorially on the Detroit situation, his remarks presently appearing in the issue dated July 27. The New Republic received, on July 20, the following telegram from Detroit:

RECEIVED MANUSCRIPT UAW OPPOSITION STORY. WILL PREPARE REPLY IMMEDIATELY. WIRE WHETHER OR NOT OPPOSITION ARTICLE WILL BE PUBLISHED ANONYMOUSLY. OUR POSITION IS THAT WE HAVE NOTHING TO HIDE IN REPRESENTING OUR POSITION. HOWEVER WE OBJECT TO ANONYMOUS CHARACTER OF THE ARTICLE. HOMER MARTIN UNITED AUTOMOBILE WORKERS OF AMERICA.

To this The New Republic promptly (on July 21) wired President Martin its answer:

PIECE WAS WRITTEN AND WILL BE SIGNED BY W. L. WHITE.

After a little more delay, Jay Lovestone, to whom President Martin had apparently submitted The New Republic's manuscript, telephoned from his New York office to supply a welcomed minor correction in fact.

And finally, on July 26, came this letter from Homer Martin:

Dear Sir: Thank you for the advance copy of the article on the situation in the United Automobile Workers' Union, written from the point of view of the dual unionists, which you intend to publish in the forthcoming issue of your magazine.

Upon first reading this malicious and slanderous document, I intended writing you that I was amazed that The New Republic should consider it fit for publication. But that was before I read your editorial comments on the same subject in the current issue of your magazine.

I am now compelled to say that the article in question, [1] istic of the Hearst press or its equivalent in the labor movement, the Stalinist press, is quite consistent with your own distorted views on the situation in the UAW.

It is strange that your editorial comment should be so completely in agreement with the admittedly biased and factional view of the writer of the article in question who seeks protection for his deliberate falsehoods in the darkness of anonymity[1] or the obscurity of a nom de plume. Indeed, were the idea not too shocking, one might even be tempted to toy with the thought that the same hand[2] penned article as well as editorial.

Be that as it may, we consider the publication of the editorial and the intended publication of the article as an unfriendly act toward our organization, one of the largest and most important in the Committee for Industrial Organization. To such journalistic fakery as characterizes the article in question, it is below our dignity to reply. It should be below the dignity of The New Republic, organ of alleged liberal thought, to become the purveyor of such tainted goods.

Sincerely,
(Signed) HOMER MARTIN
International President

P. S. Will you publish this letter at the same time you publish the article in question?

It was subsequently explained on Mr. Martin's behalf that he had misunderstood what The New Republic proposed to do. He believed he was being invited to prepare a separate reply, and not to furnish material for incorporation in my article. The New Republic and I regret the misunderstanding, while feeling that in Mr. Martin's own interest it would have been better to prepare a reply to the statement of the opposition, no matter how much he may have objected to having that statement published. As New Republic readers know, the editorial in the issue of July 27 was not a discussion of the fundamental issues in the automobile union, but merely of Mr. Martin's conduct since the dispute came to a head.

In the absence of a more directly factual reply from President Martin, we can turn to a press release from his office issued July 15, in which he answers charges made against him by the five ousted officers.

Denying that there had been any undue haste in the trial of Secretary-Treasurer Addes, the Martin release argues "the point is that the dual treasury threatened serious consequences to the union as a whole," and insists that the trial followed "the procedure laid down by the constitution," because "the Board, as the constitution empowers it, found him guilty and deprived him of office. The opposition can say he was not given a fair trial, but so can a man convicted of a crime in the public courts maintain he is innocent and unjustly treated."

On the general subject of Red-baiting, the release argues that "if Martin is convinced that Stalinist tac-

[1] The writers name had been supplied to President Martin five days before he wrote this letter.

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tics are having a seriously detrimental effect on the UAW he owes it to the membership to expose those tactics. . . . Must he hold his hand for fear of being bracketed with Hague? . . . Not even the card-carrying C. P.'s will believe such bosh. . . . If Martin believes the nigger in the woodpile is Stalinist Maneuvering, he has a right to expose C. P. Tactics."

Looking ahead to the current trials, the release suggests, "No doubt the ousted ones have reason to believe that the majority of the Board are against them. Legitimate union boards have been invariably against an officer who engaged in activities harmful to the union. . . . We might find a great deal of support for an assertion that no accused ever gets a fair trial anywhere. But what can we do but go according to the established machinery and take proper steps to amend that machinery whenever we feel it is necessary? Can we throw it all overboard because of imperfection? So we can again wander into the metaphysical."

Wisely avoiding such pitfalls, the release turns to a discussion of the status of various locals in the dispute, and then concludes with: "—a final point: the opposition claims some thirty-six locals. The union has 500 locals." And in a whirlwind burst of complete fairness to everybody it might be well to bring up at this time Unity's point: which is that those thirty-six locals comprise 80 percent of the total membership.

But reverting to President Martin's letter, of course every man's dignity comes under the heading of private business, so the writer hesitates to enter into controversy with him on so intimate a subject, except to point out that if Homer Martin had been able to subdue that dignity long enough to supply The New Republic with a few facts (if such facts exist), they might have presented a picture of his present position in the dispute more in accord with his past great services to the labor movement than are current newspaper accounts of his actions at the trial of the five suspended officers.

It is being conducted not before an impartial body, but by the Board itself, which presents an unshakable Progressive majority for President Martin following the suspension of the five Unity members. There can be little doubt as to its outcome. Unless cool heads intervene or President Martin himself calms down, the great United Automobile Workers' union will be irreparably split. And although President Martin is moved by a high if hysterical sincerity, his purge of "Stalinists" will damage his union as seriously as Stalin's purge of Old Bolsheviks has damaged the USSR in world opinion.

It is all completely unnecessary, and he who laughs last will be Henry Ford.

W. L. WHITE

When Wall Street Goes Socialist

The End of New York's Five-Cent Fare

To NEW YORKERS current developments in rapid transit spell the end of the five-cent fare. To the rest of the country the local situation and its background are instructive and amusing. It is not often that Wall Street exerts itself in favor of public ownership, as it is in the case of New York's subway and elevated lines. It may do so again within the next few years on a national scale in the case of the railroads. When that happens the pattern of propaganda and political maneuver exhibited on Manhattan may repeat itself on the larger stage. The same combination of socialist slogan and fuzzy mind may be utilized to unload private deficits under the guise of eliminating private profit.

The traction interests of New York City are as strongly in favor of municipal ownership of rapid transit today as they were opposed to it a generation ago. It is not hard to guess that this is a deathbed conversion. The income of the rapid-transit companies grows smaller every year. The competition of the bus lines and of a new city-owned and operated subway haunt their old age. Other corporate prodigals in the utility field can use the indulgent processes of regulation to pass inflated costs on to the consumer. A contract that has survived all onslaught in the courts holds New York's privately operated transit lines to a five-cent fare. The one hope of the companies lies in selling their property to the city. Their purpose is easily understood: the paradoxes bred by it are superficial. While the socialists regard the drive for municipal ownership with suspicion, J. P. Morgan and Company, which dominates the IRT, and the Chase National Bank, which controls the other big company, the BMT, find their solace in the spectre of socialism. The banking interests are not hampered by consistency. The attempt of Mayor LaGuardia to establish a small municipal bus line in an outlying section of the city was blocked in the State Legislature by the chief lobbyist for the BMT, a gentleman of considerable influence to whom the Mayor is "Fiorello." Bus lines are making money. The Mayor's move for a referendum on a "yardstick" power plant for the city was killed in the courts; private owner-

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tion. Only the Mayor's proposal for the purchase of rapid-transit facilities wins approval, and a constitutional amendment enabling him to issue city bonds outside the debt limit for the purchase seems assured of passage by New York State's constitutional convention, an assembly that is otherwise more concerned with hamstringing than with advancing the cause of public ownership. One need not be surprised that The New York Times and The New York Herald Tribune, in between melancholy reflections on the undermining of capitalist incentives by the New Deal, preach the need to eliminate private profit from subways. Profit, in this connection, is a figure of speech.

New York's subway system is, in fact, a horrible example of what happens when private profit and private monopoly are permitted in an essential service, but it is unwise to eliminate them now at a price that will make efficient public ownership impossible. The city's experience throws an unflattering light on the national myth of the capitalist pioneer, for whose trail-blazing one forgives overcapitalization, stock-jobbing and the corruption of legislators. London opened its first subway in 1863; New York's first subway was planned in 1864. New York's first subway was *opened* in 1904. The opportunities in New York City transit attracted some of the most famous capitalists in our history, but their ingenuity and power were exerted, not to tap the potential sources of profit in subways, but to block their construction, first in the interest of the horse-car companies, later of the elevated and surface lines. When a franchise for subways was put up at public auction in 1892, probably the most lucrative franchise ever offered, a lone bid of $1,000 was entered and rejected. Though Jay Gould, Russell Sage, Cornelius Vanderbilt, William C. Whitney, Thomas Fortune Ryan and the elder Morgan were all active at the time, none thought the franchise worth a bid. The city decided to build the first subway itself and found the financial community, in so far as transit was concerned, divided between the Whitney-Ryan clique in surface lines and the Gould-Sage interests in the elevated, both hostile to subways. It was a then financial "outsider," August Belmont, who came forward to finance the Interborough Rapid Transit (IRT) which skimmed the cream off the venture by building the subway for the city through a dummy company and then leasing it. All the subways since have been built by the city, though most New Yorkers are unaware that the city is preparing to buy not subways but private leases on city subways plus watered stock plus overhead and worn-out equipment plus elevated lines over fifty years old but still talking in terms of their reproduction cost.

In New York, as in most cities, the chief function of private enterprise in transit has been an anti-social and unprogressive one—the freezing of obsolescence. "Unification" has become one of the magic words

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nesses, competition forces the owners to write off obsolescence as technology progresses. But examination of the financial structure of a transit company will almost always reveal, as in a geological cross-section, the speculative abuses and vanished techniques of the past, capitalized for all eternity. The Interborough is no exception. Within a few months of its formation, the Interborough leased the lines of the Manhattan Elevated Company and promised to pay interest on the Manhattan's $45,000,000 in bonds and 7 percent on the Manhattan's $60,000,000 in stock for 999 years. The Gould-Sage interests, fearful of subway competition, hoped in this way to protect their investment. The Whitney-Ryan street-car clique, not to be outdone, forced the Interborough into a merger with the Metropolitan Street Railway Company by threatening to obtain a charter for a subway of their own. A Public Service Commission investigation ten years later showed that this merger had cost the Interborough $40,000,000. The combination of lease and merger brought subway, elevated and surface car into one giant transportation monopoly, made it impossible for the city to play one group against another, and gave the transit interests power to exact terms disastrous for the city when in 1913 contracts were signed for the construction of new subways. Under these contracts the city finally spent half a billion dollars on what are known as the IRT and BMT subways, but the companies declined to equip and operate these lines unless guaranteed a preferential. This annual preferential payment is equal to the abnormal profits the companies were earning on the old subway and elevated lines from the abnormal overcrowding the city set out to correct. One could look far in our corporate annals for a prettier hold-up.

One thing the people of New York gained from the 1913 contracts—a five-cent fare. The companies are said to have accepted it as a safeguard against agitation for a lower rate. Profits under a nickel fare before the War were huge, large enough to support an inflated capital structure and still allow for dividends of as high as 20 percent on Interborough stock. The rise in prices during the War made the five-cent fare unprofitable, at least for companies as swollen with financial elephantiasis as these. They have been trying to get rid of the five-cent fare ever since. Three methods were used. Open appeals to the city for an increased rate were soon abandoned; politicians ready enough to do obscurer chores were afraid to tamper with anything so comprehensible to the lowest IQ as a nickel fare. Attempts to break the rate as confiscatory ended in failure in the United States Supreme Court in 1929; for once the sanctity of contract was construed in the interest of the public. The third method of approach now nears success: "unification."

years of propaganda (Ivy Lee helped the IRT glorify it for a while) have made it connote civic progress. It is assumed that "unification" means public ownership and control; that "unification" will solve the transit problem. But the transit companies have pressed for it as a means of exchanging their securities for obligations issued or guaranteed by the city, obtaining a new lease on the lines and raising the fare. The first maneuver in this direction came in 1919 under the guise of "revision," *i.e.*, revision of operating contracts, but that word was too obvious, combined as it was with a proposal for a "flexible" fare. Their ally in this attempt was then Transit Construction Commissioner Delaney, now head of Mayor LaGuardia's Board of Transportation. The craftier word—"unification"—was given prominence in 1921 when Governor Miller, the same Governor who tried his best to hand Niagara over to the Aluminum Company of America, sent a special message to the Legislature calling for "unification" of New York's transit facilities. A rich coating of demagogy—"The present problem has a background of crooked financing, which now subjects it to popular distrust and prejudice easily aroused by the wiles of the demagogue. The time has come to protect it from the sinister designs of selfish financiers and politicians"—covered complicated provisions by which the city was "to secure the benefits of private operation under public control." Riders caught on quickly enough when they read in the Miller proposal, "There shall be no increase in the five-cent fare, unless, after one year's demonstration of the results of operation of the Consolidated System, with its new and many opportunities for substantial economies, an increase is demonstrated to be necessary. . . ." The transit operators were ready to do the demonstrating. They never got the chance.

The thorn in the side of the companies in 1921, if we may mix our metaphor, has grown to be the staff of their declining years. The president of the Board of Aldermen was so incensed by the Miller plan that he threatened to bolt his party if Miller were renominated (but changed his mind and ran for Congress on the Miller ticket in 1922). The fiery Aldermanic president is now the Mayor of New York, and one of LaGuardia's first moves on taking office was to name the anti-Tammany prosecutor Samuel Seabury and the New Deal Brain Truster A. A. Berle to negotiate a plan of unification; their reputations further sanctified the hallowed word. The transit representatives with whom they bargained for months behind closed doors were some of the sharpest financial poker players in Wall Street. The agreement that resulted was known as the Seabury-Berle Plan, the other negotiators modestly allowing Seabury and Berle to take full credit. By ignoring the continued fall in company revenues, the increasing competition of the city-operated Independ-

hour day, the expected rise in pension costs, the undermaintenance of the lines, and the need to spend some $40,000,000 in rehabilitating them, Seabury and Berle were able to show that the city would make $9,000,000 a year by purchasing the lines for $436,000,000. A Tammany controlled Transit Commission, perhaps partly out of pique but certainly with good sense, rejected the plan. The Mayor and Berle threatened, but failed, to get the Legislature to abolish the Commission in retaliation.

The Commission was, nevertheless, badly frightened by a campaign which pictured it as an Obstacle to Civic Progress and is working with the Mayor on a new plan of unification, for which the constitutional convention is being asked to authorize a $315,000,000 New York City bond issue outside the debt limit. This $315,000,000, plus an additional amount not yet decided on, would be given to the companies. The city would take over the lines subject only to $22,500,000 in underlying bonds. The price would thus be more than $337,500,000 as compared with the $436,000,000 which would have been paid under the Seabury-Berle plan. The new proposal has one outstanding virtue—it would give the city outright ownership and control; every other plan, including the Seabury-Berle, would have left the private interests with a great deal of power over the unified lines even after they had been bought out. The trouble with the plan is that the price is still too high—either to relieve the city treasury of some of its heavy interest charges for past transit expenditures or to permit successful operation on a five-cent fare. The price itself is not so much lower than the Seabury-Berle price as it seems. For while this $337,000,000 *plus* (and that plus may amount to $10,000,000 or $15,00,000) is payable in city corporate stock worth 100 cents on the dollar, $303,500,000 of the $436,000,000 price set by the Seabury-Berle plan would have been paid in income bonds of a Board of Transit Control worth, on the average, only 70 cents on the dollar.

The curve of private rapid-transit revenues, which turned downward in 1930, continues downward heedless of recovery and recession but the Mayor is sure that the city will never have so favorable an opportunity again. So was Governor Miller in 1921. The city would do better to wait. The value of the lines is still falling. Purchase on the present basis will add to the existing transit deficit being paid out of the city treasury; pressure for a higher fare will be increased; the temptation to balance the budget at the expense of the subway rider will be hard to resist. An extra two cents on the fare, for a family with two wage earners, would be eight cents a day, almost the price of a loaf of bread, no negligible amount to many families in these hard times. It would be a pity if this extra tax were to be laid on the poor by a Mayor who

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Gulliver's Grandson

GULLIVER'S GRANDSON was abroad in search of a necktie. The French, who are a sober people, have a strangely melodramatic taste in neckties, and though he had visited several shops, Gulliver's grandson had been unable to find the plain blue cravat he wanted. Walking down the Boulevard Saint-Germain, the sun shining brightly and the traffic flowing in the street, he saw a large department store. There, he thought, I can certainly find my plain blue tie.

The store was not crowded at that early hour of morning, but all the clerks seemed either busy or indifferent. Rather than trouble them for a direction, Gulliver's grandson began walking through the store in search of the necktie department. He went into the underwear department, the kitchen-utensil department, the bicycle department, and finally came to a department in which was displayed a kind and quality of merchandise he had never seen before. Such ready-to-wear, he realized, unquestionably had its place in the modern world. Its close proximity, however, made him feel uncomfortable. The merchandise, artfully displayed in glass cases, made him think of a long line of decapitated heads with big brooding eyes and pieces of rubber hose stuck in their mouths. It was plainly not the necktie department.

He was about to leave when a floor-walker came up to him. The floor-walker was bald and had a mole on his nose and smelled of perfume. He was very thin. He was, in fact, one of the thinnest men Gulliver's grandson had ever seen.

"Good morning, sir. You have come to see our special bargain, naturally. This way, if you please." The thin floor-walker spoke so rapidly that Gulliver's grandson could not get in a word about his blue necktie. "Here we are—right on this table. *Voila!*" He threw out his spidery arms as if to embrace someone. "Permit me to make a demonstration. I will instruct you, you will instruct Madame—*oui?* May I have your attention, please? The operation, as you will notice, is very simple—yet this invention positively eliminates all danger to children who are too young to wear gas masks."

Gulliver's grandson tried to interrupt him but the thin floor-walker kept on talking.

"The box, as you can see, is smaller than a crib. The advantages of this will appear later on. It is intended, naturally, only for children in arms. We have a complete line of gas masks for all children over one year old. Observe. The sides and top of the box are paneled with glass—thus permitting Madame or the nurse to peep in at the child during the raid. You will naturally be at the front. The top lifts up—thus. The child is placed in the box—thus. The top is then screwed tightly on—thus. The cylinder you see here—examine it, please: it is one of the most important features of the invention—contains oxygen. The oxygen is released to the child by turning the handle you see protruding from the side of the box. Would you care to turn the handle? Please. Notice how easily it operates?"

"Like grinding an organ," Gulliver's grandson said.

"Pardon?"

"It is nothing. I am reminded of something I saw in America."

"You saw nothing like this in America," the thin floor-walker protested indignantly. "This was invented in France. It has just been put on the market. Those Americans do not think of everything! Ah, yes—one thing more. The box, of course, is intended to be put in the cellar during raids. Additional protection may be had by hollowing out a small hole in the cellar wall large enough to contain the box. The price—"

"I am sure it is worth every sou you ask," Gulliver's grandson said. "There is only one difficulty. I have no children."

The thin floor-walker looked as if he were going to double up like the blade of a jackknife. "What! No children!"

"No, alas. But I have a friend who has many little ones. Your time has not been wasted. I am sure my friend will be interested. Perhaps you could sell me a blue necktie."

"Necktie!" The thin floor-walker looked insulted. Even the mole on his nose looked insulted. "This is not the right department. Perhaps I could interest you in a gas mask. We have them for various prices. This particular model—" He reached in a case and took out one of the decapitated heads. "—sells for two hundred and fifty francs. Would you care to try it on?"

"Not today," Gulliver's grandson said.

"Perhaps you would like something more expensive. This model is the one I personally recommend." He reached into the case again. "It costs fifty francs more, but the extra quality is worth far more than fifty francs. Observe that the mouthpiece—will you examine it, please?—is reinforced and protected with pliable rubber. The normal tendency, during a gas raid, is to press the teeth tightly together. In the cheaper masks, where the mouthpiece is constructed of metal, there is always the danger that one may injure the teeth. The rubber protector, in this mask, acts as a cushion. The teeth sink into it. Observe." He sank his teeth into the rubber. "It is just like biting a piece of bread."

"Everything has been taken into consideration," said Gulliver's grandson.

"Everything." The thin floor-walker's face shone

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with pride. "Consider the eye-pieces. Notice the wide range of vision permitted by this model. The cheaper masks cannot be compared with it. You must put it on. It will only take a moment. If you do not put it on you cannot appreciate its superior qualities."

"No, thank you," Gulliver's grandson said, backing away. "I am sorry to have caused you so much trouble but the truth of the matter is that I bought myself a new gas mask in London. Under the circumstances, I have no use for another. I came in to buy a blue necktie."

"Those English masks are a waste of money," the thin floor-walker said disdainfully. "They rot before your very eyes. Unless you use your mask right away, you will get no use from it. I can assure you of that. Six months from now it will be good for nothing."

"I will see what I can do about it," Gulliver's grandson said. "I would naturally like to get my money out of my investment."

"Naturally. And Madame? Is she fully equipped?"

"Fully." Gulliver's grandson backed away again. "She would not consider the English models. She bought hers in Paris."

"Naturally." The thin floor-walker followed Gulliver's grandson step by step. "Women have taste in such matters. And the children? Are they taken care of? Ah, yes—you have no children. It is unfortunate."

"It is very unfortunate." Gulliver's grandson kept his eye on the thin floor walker. "Will you please tell me where I can get a blue necktie?"

More intent upon the thin floor-walker than where he was going, Gulliver's grandson backed into a table upon which stood a large bowl filled with a coiling, squirming, whitish mass. The bowl tipped over and some of its contents spilled out upon the satiny surface of the table. Gulliver's grandson saw they were maggots.

"It is nothing," the thin floor walker said, brushing the maggots into the palm of his hand. "Do not give it a thought. You would not be interested in any of these, perhaps?"

"No." Gulliver's grandson wondered if he should call for help or wait until the thin floor-walker showed signs of becoming violent. "I don't think I have any use for them."

"Not now, perhaps, not now—" The thin floor-walker dropped the maggots back into the bowl with a look of pleasure on his face. "The time will come, however. Just you wait and see. Do you think that the hospitals will be able to care for all the wounded among the civilian population during the next war? It will be impossible—yes, impossible. Much nursing will have to be done at home—and these little creatures will be of enormous value. It was only by accident, of course, that it was learned how helpful they were in healing wounds. In the next war, however, it will be different. There will be a colony of maggots in every home. These, I might say, are of a very special kind—thoroughly tested for their therapeutic value. The ordinary maggot, if you will permit me to demonstrate—"

The thin floor-walker was so absorbed in what he was saying that he did not notice the departure of his customer. Looking back over his shoulder, Gulliver's grandson saw him peering into the bowl of maggots like a fortune-teller gazing into a crystal ball. He left the store without buying his blue necktie. The one he had on, he decided, was good enough.

GULLIVER III

TWO POEMS

A Last Love Song

You shall wear
spring like a garland on your hair,
summer like a rose behind your ear.
and the autumn wood
shall be your riding-hood.

You shall gather
the oak-wood for your forefather,
and for your wedded love the weather,
and the inland waters
shall dandle your sons and daughters.

But where will you go
when the north winds do blow,
when the skies are black with snow?
I pray you, begone
from us ere our winter comes on.

Benicasim

Here for a little we pause.
The air is heavy with sun and salt and color.
On palm and lemon-tree, on cactus and oleander,
a dust of dust and salt and pollen lies.
And the bright villas
sit in a row like perched macaws,
and rigid and immediate yonder the mountains rise.

And it seems to me we have come
into a bright-painted landscape of Acheron:
for along the strand
in bleached cotton pajamas, on rope-soled tread,
wander the risen-from-the-dead,
the wounded, the maimed, the halt;
or they lay bare their hazarded flesh to the salt
air, the recaptured sun,
or bathe in the tideless sea, or sit fingering the sand.

But narrow is this place, narrow is this space,
of garlanded sun and leisure and color, of return
to life and release from living. Turn
(turn not!) sight inland.
There, rigid as death and unforgiving, stand
the mountains—and close at hand.

SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

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Shoot the Works

Foray into the Past

DURING THE SUMMER it is often a good idea for a commentator to rest and to revive himself by going back to his roots. In other words he should look up an old piece, preferably of his own composition, and try to get away with it.

And let no man say that such a practice indicates in any way a disposition to sloth and self-indulgence. Often the research man spends hours on his task of seeking any news which is fit to reprint. At the end of thirty minutes of futile fumbling I am inclined to say, "I could have done something brand-new in half the time."

And brilliant bursts of creative work have arisen from precisely that situation. But in a secret cupboard I have kept for many years a thin sheaf of clippings in an envelope which is labeled "B. of B." This stands for "Best of Broun," but by now the ink has grown so faded that the legend can hardly be deciphered. And the clippings themselves must be handled carefully for they are yellow, like cornmeal mush, and as brittle as a snake's old skin.

A sprig of mignonette lies between the leaves and on nights when the air is sulphurous with New England tempests I seek to distract my attention from danger by rediscovering some little lost masterpiece. Mostly the device is effective only during minor storms, but occasionally I run across something which reduces the sheet lightning to a candle glow as I sit and assure myself, "I was good when I wrote that."

Of late I have been less moved by nostalgia than the desire to find evidence to contravert a myth. Friends, and more particularly foes, have been fond of asserting that, somewhat after the manner of St. Paul, I suffered a sudden conversion and became "a Stalinist liberal" overnight. But it wasn't on the road to Damascus and there are two versions of the trivial episode. All agree that if there was a change it occurred about two o'clock in the morning at the Stork Club. Some say that I caused consternation by suddenly paying the check and darting out in search of a barricade. Others say I did not dart but merely, in a sedentary way, began a savage assault upon my former friends, all of whom were liberals in good standing. And the change is attributed to Earl Browder's influence.

But from my memory book I present testimony as to the falsity of this theory. Some eighteen years ago before the "party" had a line with which to bless itself and at a time when the name of Stalin was unknown to me, I wrote a little piece about my infant son whom I called H 3rd, since in those days there were three living generations of Heywood Brouns. I ask leave to reprint:

It is no longer necessary for us to tell H 3rd that the picture of Lenin in the parlor is a portrait of Nicholas Murray Butler and I can say "proletariat" right out instead of disguising it by spelling "p-r-o-l-e-t-a-r-i-a-t." The child is not a reactionary after all but only a liberal. I discovered that he was a liberal early one Sunday morning while we were walking in Central Park. We happened to go near the merry-go-round and H 3rd, drawn by the strains of "Dardanella," dragged me eagerly toward the pavilion. I supposed, of course, that he wanted to ride, and had just time to strap him on top of a camel before the platform began to move. No sooner were we in motion round and round, slow at first and then faster and faster as the revolutions increased in violence, than H 3rd began to cry. As soon as possible I lifted him back to the firm and stable ground and briskly started to walk away from the scene of his harrowing experience.

I thought he wanted to get as far away from it as possible, but after a few steps I noticed that he was not following me. Instead he was hurrying back to the merry-go-round as fast as his legs would carry him. "Perhaps," I thought, "he intends to discipline his will and is going to ride that merry-go-round again just because he is so much afraid of it." I knew that people sometimes did things like that because I had read it in "The Research Magnificent." H 3rd is not among them. He howled louder than before when I tried to put him on the camel again. I even tested the fantastic possibility that it was the camel and not the carrousel to which he objected, but he yelled just as vigorously when offered a horse and later a unicorn.

Then I ceased to interfere and resolved to watch. When the merry-go-round began to whirl, H 3rd edged up closer and closer with a look of the most intense interest which I have ever seen on his face. He was fascinated by the sight of men, women and children engaged in a wild and, perhaps, debauching experiment. Hitherto he had observed that people went forward and back in reasonably straight lines, but this progress was flagrantly rotary. I could not get him away. He stood his ground firmly. He would not retreat a step, nor would he go any nearer. In fact, he was already so close to the carrousel that he could have leaped on board with no more than a hop. By leaning just a little he could have touched it. But he did neither. He preferred a combination of the closest proximity and stability.

And after a while I realized just what it was of which he reminded me. He was an editor of T-e N-w R-p-bl-c watching the Russian Revolution. The mad whirling thing lay right at his feet, but his interest in it and even its imminence never disturbed his tranquility. The lines of communication with the safe and sane rear remained unbroken. He could retreat the minute the carrousel attempted to become overly familiar.

And so I knew that H 3rd was and is a liberal.

This was written in the spring of 1920 for the old, old Morning World. Some things have changed. Any such criticism of T-e N-w R-p-bl-c as of today would seem to me bitterly unfair and quite uncalled for. I would be the last one to make it. The boy grew older and has become a mild isolationist. I think I have changed less, even though the picture of Lenin was lost when I moved from Manhattan up to Stamford.

The merry-go-round goes round and the liberals continue to press their little noses against the window pane and watch. Anybody who keeps a vigil endlessly comes at last to be the flinty old man of the mountain. There is a time for "maybe" but also an hour for "yes" or "no." And I think I knew as much as that back in the days when I was young and thirty.

And if anybody construes what I have said as an argument for the violent overthrow of the American government then I will be misconstrued. But I certainly think a liberal becomes no more than a kibitzer in world affairs when he insists on piously announcing that he finds fascism and communism just alike.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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Washington Notes

The ALP Breaks Loose

LAST WEEK the American Labor Party and the New York City Republicans arranged a coalition for the election of state senators and assemblymen, together with six congressional representatives. By doing this, the ALP partially extricated itself from the trap into which it was pushed two months ago, when its announcement of a statewide ticket ended in disaster. The ALP is perhaps the liveliest political unit of labor in the country; its partisans believe it is the base on which any future national party must be built. Its progress in the present campaign is worth watching.

Last May, the ALP strategists were apparently convinced that Mr. Roosevelt meant to wage war on Democratic conservatives, particularly those who had opposed the reorganization of the Supreme Court. Among the latter was New York Governor Herbert H. Lehman, who is now candidate for a United States senatorship in November. Mr. Lehman had the support of the conservative wing of the New York State Democratic organization, of which the most conspicuous leader is Mr. Roosevelt's former pal, Boss Ed Flynn of the Bronx.

After talks with White House advisers, the ALP strategists seem to have been convinced that the administration would back a genuinely pro-Roosevelt, pro-New Deal ticket against the Lehman-Flynn organization. Accordingly, the ALP put forward a ticket of its own, on which Mr. Sidney Hillman was named to run against Mr. Lehman. Apparently the ALP leaders expected that at least some of their candidates would be given New Deal nominations by Washington.

The next day Mr. David Dubinsky, who has constantly disagreed with Mr. Hillman and Mr. John L. Lewis about CIO policy, warmly espoused the candidacy of Mr. Lehman. From the Roosevelt advisers in Washington, there issued blank silence. The Democratic bosses of New York had previously wangled pledges of support from the A. F. of L., and were now jubilant. They believed Mr. Dubinsky's letter meant that the majority of organized labor was committed to the Democratic Party—whatever a few ALP leaders might say or do—and would vote for whatever candidates they might name. They mocked the ALP for amateurishness, and predicted its speedy end.

By coalescing with the Republicans last week, the ALP reasserts itself as a political force. It is a remarkable exploit. Nevertheless, friends of the ALP in Washington still fear that it cannot exert the influence to which it is entitled while the divisions among New York's labor remain unrepaired, while there continue to be Hillmanites, Dubinskyites and A. F. of L. partisans.

The ALP ought to be able to damn the present New York Democratic organization to its followers. It ought to be able to say: "Lehman, Ed Flynn and the Democratic bosses held power, and refused to give labor a voice on policy. To prove our strength, we must vote for the opposition, the Republicans." This is the classic balance-of-power formula. But how can the ALP condemn the Democratic Party when Mr. Dubinsky and the A. F. of L. say that Mr. Lehman is labor's dearest friend?

Mr. Alex Rose, secretary of the ALP, says that the coalition with the Republicans is a local arrangement, confined entirely to New York City. However, the candidates that are to be supported in common are running for national and state offices. ALP votes for Republican candidates are likely to give the Republicans control over both branches of the New York State Legislature. Unless the rank-and-file worker is first made to believe that Mr. Lehman and the Democratic Party have failed him, this won't make sense to him.

Extraordinary maneuvers are taking place in the Manhattan Congressional district, where Mr. John J. O'Connor, chairman of the House Rules Committee, is standing for reëlection. Three years ago, Mr. O'Connor led the Democratic attack on the death-sentence clause of the public-utilities law. Twice he prevented enactment of the wages-and-hours bill. At the session just ended, he was largely to blame for the failure of Mr. John L. Lewis to obtain a strengthened Walsh-Healey bill. Mr. O'Connor's name is near the top of the New Deal purge list.

Mr. O'Connor's bailiwick includes part of Manhattan's old Silk-Stocking assembly district. The well nourished, well clad and well housed of Park Avenue approve of him, and have proposed that he be given a joint Democratic-Republican nomination. The ALP has smartly forestalled this. So far, the O'Connor-Republicans have found it impossible to obtain the assent of one of the Republican assembly-district leaders involved, Mr. Sam S. Koenig—plump, wily and a minor national institution.

Mr. Koenig is one of the new politically poor. In the remote days of Mr. Coolidge, he was head of the New York City Republican Party, a maker of Presidents and Senators. He enjoyed Republican patronage from Washington, and sub-rosa hand-outs from Democratic Tammany Hall. Today the New Deal holds Washington, and Tammany has been broken by Mayor LaGuardia. Mr. Koenig's job-list is understood to have been reduced to a lone assemblyman. The ALP has offered to help Mr. Koenig's assemblyman, a Mr. Meyer Goldberg, but no congressional nomination must go to Mr. O'Connor.

Last week Mayor LaGuardia, who has taken an increasing share in the direction of the ALP, put forward his Deputy Welfare Commissioner, Mr. Byrnes MacDonald, as a candidate against Mr. O'Connor. The reactionary Republicans of the district would like to nominate Mr. O'Connor, but can't. They do not want to nominate Mr. MacDonald, but may have to. It is probable that both men will run in both primaries.

The federal monopoly investigators, now installed in the Federal Trade Commission's new offices as the Temporary Economic Committee, have begun an examination of the country's insurance companies. When the monopoly resolution was being considered by Congress, it was rumored that lobbyists had exacted a promise that the insurance companies would not be touched. No real inquiry into them has been made since the New York investigation by Mr. Chief Justice Hughes in 1904. Insurance has been the politicians' sacred cow. By tackling the companies, the

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monopoly committee has demonstrated its courage. Observers believe, however, that it does not mean to consider the question of whether policy-holders are justly dealt with by the companies. The monopoly hunters are understood rather to be searching for precise information on how insurance companies, as perhaps the chief repository of popular savings, have aided in capital formation. The investment policies will be given particular attention, together with their part in the formation of industrial policy.

Washington T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Chase the Robbers Out

THE STOCK EXCHANGE, having cleared its decks by a very extensive reorganization, must now get down to the problem of dealing with several of those troublesome subjects which the Old Guard and the SEC under Kennedy and Landis refused to think about.

The first of these, of course, is the subject of segregation. And it is plain from Commissioner Douglas' statements that he intends to press the matter.

At the present time a Stock Exchange member may find himself engaged in the business of speculating for his own account, representing investors as a broker, investment counsel, investment-trust manager, investment banker and underwriter, banker and several other things.

Altogether aside from the question of ethics involved here is the question of sound business practice. There is the very practical question whether a man who acts as a commission broker can render wise and efficient service to his customers while he is also engaged as speculator and underwriter.

A full study of this subject is now to be made. But in making it I hope that one of the most important phases of it will not be overlooked. That is the effect of the present system of combined functions upon the whole government of the Exchange.

The Exchange is a private association. The members, like all other people, are under the dominion of the business in which they engage. Like the dyer's hand they become subdued to what they work in. If they are speculators, if they depend on their own speculative operations for the bulk of their gains, their outlook upon the problems of the Exchange will be the outlook of speculators. We need not here labor the point as to whether security speculation is useful or not. Let us assume that it is. It is merely one phase of the subject of industrial investment. And it is a minor phase. Certainly it is a phase easily liable to abuses. It is in fact the sector of the market where the worst evils have appeared to hurt the market and the investor.

But if we are to have a market owned and governed in the first place by a group of private individuals and these individuals are to be largely made up of speculators, it will be inevitable that the market will be ruled in the interest of speculators, rather than industry or investors. The market are not themselves speculators, but are the representatives of security buyers and sellers—the public—their outlook upon the market may be expected to reflect the interests which they represent.

Therefore when the SEC gets around to discussions with the Exchange governors on the subject of segregation it should not only press the point that commission brokers should not be permitted to act as traders, but it should insist that the traders should not be permitted to have any voice in the government of the Exchange.

The old Exchange came to be what it was because of two fundamental evils. First, it was ruled by the speculative members who were in the majority. Second, it was dominated by powerful investment-banking interests. Both these influences, whatever else is done with them, ought to be excluded from a hand in operating the Exchange and making its laws.

Perhaps the signals are out again for an outcry from big business against the plans of the administration to attack business further. For last week Commissioner William O. Douglas, speaking to the American Bar Association, warned that the Securities and Exchange Commission was about to get down to brass tacks in the enforcement of Section 11 of the Utility Holding Company Act. This is the section which was given the horrendous name of the "death sentence" by the propagandists who fought the act.

Here is an excellent opportunity for sane business men who want to operate their own legitimate and useful enterprises to cut away from the leadership of the bankers and promoters and utility groups who have been assuming to talk for "business."

This Section 11 is nothing more nor less than a plan to compel utility holding companies to justify their existence on the ground of industrial or geographical integration. The spectacle of a holding company in New York controlling power concerns as widely separated as the Gulf of Mexico, Texas, New Jersey, Nova Scotia and England is certainly without any defense on the score of operating efficiency. On the score of investment values probably no industry has enjoyed good revenue all through the depression on the scale of the power companies, yet no investors have suffered more than investors in power plants because their funds were invested not in the operating companies but in the holding companies which exploited them.

The utility holding company was in most cases an attack upon business. It was an attack by promoter-adventurers, by men who milked the companies, the investors, the consumers. The Holding Company Act is an effort to put an end to this outrageous attack upon business. It will leave untouched utility groups in recognizable geographical areas united under a common control for operating efficiency. It will help the investors in such companies. It will actually protect investors more than consumers. It will put an end to one of the most sinister attacks upon business ever made in this country.

The Utility Act does not go far enough. It ought to make an end of all holding-company activity in the utility field. But as it stands it is a constructive, conservative measure. It is one of the few constructive measures of

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The Natural in Movies

When I said last time that "Algiers" was a natural in pictures, I'm afraid I left the idea undeveloped. For pictures not only have a method of appeal peculiar to the magic half-darkness of the movie house, but in the thousands of movie houses, and millions of people flowing through them like the tides, they have at once the lowest and greatest common denominator ever appealed to. Generally, pictures require above other forms the constant push of excitement and the romance which may come from love in June (see moon), or from strange doings, or from things remote in time or place. "Algiers" had a combination of all these things before it even started.

I never have the space or clairvoyance to go into the eternal phenomenon of box-office appeal as a finality in itself—into how a film that is the weary jape of anyone who has read a book or seen a play or heard music can still prove itself the balm and beauty of a million living men and women, who leave its howling absurdities with their eyes wet (or completely vice versa). Nobody has mapped that country, and the only true and unforgivable chump is the intellectual who will assume for his purpose either of the two following absolutes: (a) that the masses of people do not appreciate the best art; (b) that these masses will not equally relish what appears to be the worst. And so while "Algiers" appeals to many of us as a good story well done and we are thus permitted to hope that its great majority audience sees and applauds for the same reasons, we should remember that its almost formulaic ingredients have been demonstrated as foolproof in the scores of stories whose merciless fakery in treatment has brought the very same box-office results.

I bring the subject up all over again only because of another picture that suggests the same questions, another and even brighter natural, "The Amazing Doctor Clitterhouse." The elements of the strange and exciting are here, but there is a happy absence of that literal, unfilmic treatment which blunted and dragged down "A Slight Case of Murder" (you might have thought the crime-comedy style of "The Thin Man" would have taught a lesson on the difference between literary intentions and actual picture flow to the most literal bodies; but alas not yet). The story is ingenious, but Anatole Litvak and his producing-acting crew have so thoroughly kept the larky mood of it while setting up the necessary undercurrent of interest and suspense that it is hard to see where conception leaves off and the shaping of it into motion begins.

The Amazing Doctor is interested in crime, no doubt in a purely scientific way at first; and the problems of original research are so great that there is but one answer: the only way to chart the reactions of a criminal on the job is to go out and pull a few jobs yourself. Curious people, criminals. Very. When the Doctor decides it is time to get out before crime as an intoxicant gets stronger than the pure fire of research, he finds a certain party isn't going to play it that way but tag him for endless blackmail instead; and when he kills the party he discovers that the police have some curious practices too.

The characters for all this are about the pick of the chewing the props right off the set has some magnetic kind of film personality; here for once he is allowed (or forced) to break the type, and his study of the Doctor is not only lively but a well founded job. Humphrey Bogart is probably the most subtle bad man (genus American) the films have produced; he is here, and practically horrid. Claire Trevor, Allen Jenkins, Irving Bacon, Henry O'Neill, Donald Crisp, Maxie Rosenbloom, Bert Hanlon, Vladimir Sokoloff—you can't begin to list them, because even the walk-ons are favorites and the action that much broadened in likeliness and appeal.

In making use of both his actors and the situations of the story the director has a fine organizational talent for keeping it good and clear in motion—for a good line, like a good idea for a sequence, is only half the battle, and the rest is planting it. Take Allen Jenkins' offside business: University? He had a brother in one, sure, it was his kid brother—what did they call the place . . . Harvard, that was it. Sure. What do you mean, how was he doing? It was legitimate, they had him in alcohol right there. He had two heads. Or the case of the Law whose name turned out to be Ethelbert. Then there was the neat idea of rigging up the mobsters as the Hudson River String Quartet and quartering them in the Carnegie Hall apartments, developed with many touches like that of having a Mozart serenade as background for talk about the split, the ice and get this, mugs. And the reversal of usual trial stuff by throwing the decisive word to the human and baffled jury foreman—a fine sequence all around. But more than "Algiers," this film shows evidence of our widening exploitation of the camera medium over here. Some of the pioneering in Alfred Hitchcock's approach seems to show through the dramatic irony of the gems in the doctor's bag, later under the pretzels, in the restrained burlesque of that complete and effortless opening sequence, in the inverted telescope device of the dying gangster, in the shrewd use of music and sound as contrapuntal emphasis.

Many will enjoy the film without stopping to ask what makes the story run so lightly with such vivid effect—which is unfortunate as far as credits go but not wholly uncheerful: art is often most healthy when it does not stick out all over everything like a bagful of nails.

OTIS FERGUSON

Portrait of a Professor

His mind is subtle as a fox;
Through the deep covert of the years
He lifts above the brambled rocks
The sharp brown eyes—the pointed ears.

The delicate nostril of his sense
Suspects all strange identity,
And through a crumbling mental fence
Eludes intrusion—ranges free.

In briar bound comfort of his hole
The wary rover finds retreat;
From all invasions of the soul
His mind escapes on padded feet.

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The Bandwagon

Another thing which we Catholics must take over soon, unless we want to let our poor people be turned wholesale into a crowd of boobs and morons, is the radio. And I do not mean merely in our broadcast hours of Catholic doctrine. I mean almost more imperatively in our music, entertainment, instruction, fun. – *From an editorial in America, a Catholic weekly.*

. . . At Gettysburg I spent a good deal of time visiting among Lee's boys. They are all that is left of honesty, bravery and chivalry. With them dies the pure Anglo-Saxon aristocracy which founded this state and the South. . . . Only members of the present generation who sprang from the white servant class, or from hirelings, could ever say "the War Between the States ended for the best." – *From a letter signed Mrs. A. B. Jones, printed in The Richmond, Va., Times-Dispatch.*

The important thing in Hollywood is to be a mother. There is nothing else here to occupy the mind. – *Margaret Sullavan, film actress, quoted by The Boston Evening Transcript.*

Like the Slot Machine

He [Mr. Martin] says it helps to clarify his ideas on the subject to think of the stock market as a savings institution into which the public puts its funds. – *Elliot V. Bell, writing about the new president of the Stock Exchange in The New York Times Sunday Magazine Section.*

The Stag Since Eve

ATTENTION, DEBUTANTES! A notice has appeared on our desk to the effect that this coming fall there will be published something called the Blue Book of Harvard, Yale and Princeton. Included in the list of several hundred men at present in the universities is a complete, concise history of each man, his college and home address, his lineage and—this is the best part of all—his genealogy back no less than FOUR generations. So, if you're struggling with a list of dancing men for coming-out parties next winter, here's the solution to your problem—and you may be sure that you're getting the VERY BEST. – *From the society section of The Washington Post.*

In That Case They Need Them

Ziegfeld Theatre, 54th and 6th. Generals Without Buttons. Plus Shorts. – *Theatrical advertisement in The New York World-Telegram.*

Better-Late-Than-Never Department

Where would they be if there were no YWCA? All girls are faced with constant temptation to go wrong. The women who founded the YWCA were tempted when they were young—that's why they started it. – *From a circular advertising the Knoxville, Tenn., Community Chest.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

Why Not Oppose Fascist Aggression?

SIR: In your issue of June 15, Mr. George F. Eliot writes an open leter to Lewis Mumford taking him to task for suggesting that the United States cut off its oil exports, among other things, from Japan. In that event, Mr. Eliot warns, the Japanese military would quickly "seize the nearest available source of petroleum supply, Dutch Borneo." I think it is very important to deal with this argument because it is typical of many which are offered by persons who are afraid to take peaceful action against fascist aggression.

How does Mr. Eliot know that Japan would seize Dutch Borneo? He arrives there by speculation and intellectual gymnastics. But suppose we judge this matter on the basis of the known past and present rather than on the improbable future. Today, China is resisting as successfully as she is because she is getting vast quantities of arms from the Soviet Union and through British Hong Kong and French Indo-China. This stream of munitions is prolonging the war, and weakening Japan. It may rob Japan of her victory in China. It is serious, as serious at least as being cut off from American oil. Why doesn't Japan do something about it? Why hasn't she blockaded Hong Kong or attacked Hong Kong. Why hasn't she made war on Russia or on Indo-China? Mr. Eliot might reply that this in case of oil sanctions be difficult? If, as Mr. Eliot—not I—suggests, the Dutch and the United States would try to retake Borneo, why does he exclude the British, who are bound by an unwritten agreement based on the defense of British India? Japan would be faced with a tremendous strength-sapping diversion from the Chinese adventure. To attack Borneo would invite as much hostility as attacking Indo-China or Vladivostock.

The propositions of people like Mr. Eliot on why the world should not oppose fascist attacks boil down to unfounded fear of what might happen. They ignore what has happened. Marshal de Bono explained in his book on Ethiopia that the Duce's East African imperial crusade would have failed if the nations had applied oil sanctions. De Bono knows and Mr. Eliot fantasizes. We know that Japan has not taken a single step against the foreign countries who are helping to dig her grave in China. We know why. And the queerest thing is that Mr. Eliot knows it too. He should read his own letters. He says: "Japan, for example, is having all she can do to maintain her present position in China." That's right. Then why does he think that Japan could launch into a war which would bring her into conflict with Holland, England and, as he says, America? No, the fascist aggressors are weak, and past performances (the Nyon conference against Mediterranean piracy and May 21 in Czechoslovakia), not paper predictions, suggest that

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would be checked. To interrupt the foreign successes of the fascist regimes would mean to undermine their support at home.

Paris, France LOUIS FISCHER

Centralization v. Democracy in the Unions

SIR: Certainly the readers of The New Republic have a right to expect more clarity on the Auto Workers' crisis than they can derive from your editorial in the issue of July 27. Underlying the fierce factional fight between the union's president and his opponents is a problem which increasingly presses for solution as the labor movement develops. This problem presents itself as a contradiction between centralized and democratic control. Like big business and the government, the CIO is also subject to the growing trend toward centralization. In the job of supervising the writing up and carrying out of contracts and the authorization of strikes, the union administration finds itself between two fires. From the company comes the cry that the workers are not living up to their contract, they are engaging in slow-downs, wild-cat strikes and what not. From the ranks comes the cry that the leaders are kowtowing to the company. Faced with the need of getting things done the leaders feel that democracy is too cumbersome and that more direct and high-handed action is needed. From then on the course toward bureaucracy leads step by step to interference with intra-union affairs. Factions arise. Those who are out seek to oust those who are in.

In the UAW the Communists and other opponents of the leadership arouse the members with cries of: Save the union! Save our democracy! How would the problem of democracy v. centralization be met if the Communists were in control? For answer we need only look at the many Communist-controlled unions in the country that are not only thoroughly bureaucratic but totalitarian as well.

The crucial problem before the labor movement is this: How can the centralization required in a union having a contractual relationship with a large industry be achieved without the sacrifice of rank-and-file democracy? To this question there is only one answer. Intensive educational work must be done among the members to raise their political maturity, to enable them to assume a critical attitude toward their leaders and to set up organizational structures providing for recall and guaranteeing that all important policies be legislated by the rank and file. In this connection labor's commentators can be of real service but they must supply more intelligent understanding than is contained in your editorial.

FRANK MARQUART,

Detroit, Mich. Educational Director, Local 3, UAW

What Is What in Puerto Rico

SIR: All I know about Puerto Rico is what I read in newspapers and magazines. I am neither a native of that little Caribbean island nor have I ever visited any of its cities or villages. The only acquaintance I ever had with a native of Puerto Rico was in 1920, when we both were patients in the largest hospital in New York. . . .

But now, after I have read in The New Republic for July 6 Concepcion Nunez's letter concerning the situation in Puerto Rico and the alleged aggression of our government, I am puzzled.

For in an article "Why Puerto Rico Does Not Want Independence," written by Santiago Iglesias for The American Federationist for October, 1937, the story of the people is told in a different light.

Mr. Iglesias is the Resident Commissioner of Puerto Rico

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seems to imply that 80 percent of the people are in favor of "all federal laws covering education, sanitation, agriculture and social security" being extended by the government of the United States to the people of that little island. Mr. Iglesias assures that the people of Puerto Rico "desire to continue under the American institutions, enjoying all rights and privileges of American citizenship and also sharing all responsibilities without any special favor or discrimination."

Such a declaration, coming from an eminent leader of organized labor, obviously justifies a belief that the people in Puerto Rico don't care for the "independence" which is offered by Mr. Nunez and are desiring to remain an integral part of the United States. A little more light on the situation in Puerto Rico would be appreciated. . . .

Cleveland, O. SIDNEY YELLEN

A Memorial to Martha Gruening

SIR: It is our privilege to announce that two of Martha Gruening's close friends have made provisions for a fitting monument to her memory—not a marble shaft or a tablet of bronze, but something far more significant and in keeping with her life and spirit.

They have given to the League for Mutual Aid the nucleus of a Martha Gruening Memorial Fund, with the request that it be utilized to grant emergency loans to the type of individuals whom Martha would have been most interested in helping.

At the time of her death she was a vice-chairman of the League for Mutual Aid, and for three years had been a member of its Executive Board. For years she had worked and fought valiantly in behalf of many social causes, and especially to win full social and civil rights for Negroes.

We are sure that there are many individuals who will want to make their contributions to this Memorial Fund as a tribute to the life which Martha Gruening lived for the ideals of human liberty. This Fund will be open for contributions at any time. Contributions to the Martha Gruening Memorial Fund should be sent to Hella Bernays, 211 East Thirty-fifth Street, who will acknowledge them in behalf of the League for Mutual Aid.

HELEN BOARDMAN, JOHN NICHOLAS BEFFEL,
HELLA BERNAYS, LAWRENCE LIPSKIN, DOROTHY PETERSON

New York City

The Jefferson Memorial

SIR: Five hundred thousand dollars have been appropriated by Congress, for preliminary work on the Pantheon Memorial, to John Russell Pope and John J. Boylan in spite of the disapproval of the design by the Fine Arts Commission.

This was accomplished by a series of behind-the-scenes maneuvers in which the attitude of the Commission was misrepresented, and hearings from which the chairman of the Commission was excluded while his attitude and motives were maliciously misrepresented.

The minutes of the meeting of the FAC on March 20, 1937, contain the following remark by Mr. Clarke, the present chairman:

> In connection with this matter, I find it difficult to be temperate. I have been on the Fine Arts Commission for five years: this is the first time in my memory that a most important project has been referred to the Commission after it has been completely "frozen" as far as the design is concerned. I had always hoped, and had been led to believe, that the design for this Memorial would be open to competition.

Why wasn't it open to competition? What was there in the

Pope and railroaded through, by unprecedented means, a design rejected not only by the Fine Arts Commission but by prominent architects, artists, landscape designers and the public at large: a design that is almost identical, line for line, with the central "motive" of the Mellon Art Gallery, monument to an economic royalist, a Hamiltonian, a scavenger of the arts? . . .

John Russell Pope is dead now. His successors, Eggers and Higgins, are capable men. But was not the purpose of "selection" rather than "competition" the obtaining of the vast personal genius, the tremendously powerful originality, conceptual magnificence and saccharine taste of Pope himself, the "greatest architect since Alexander Hamilton"? If not that, why was there no competition? And why not a competition now, despite the appropriation—for a memorial to Thomas Jefferson?

HENRY S. CHURCHILL, Chairman,
National Competitions Committee
New York City for Architecture and the Allied Arts

The President's War Power

SIR: Your editorial on the importance of limiting the war power of the President [The New Republic, July 27] is most timely. Madison's interpretation of the intention of the founders of our country to prevent our Chief Executive from gaining dictatorial authority by plunging the nation into war is supported by ample evidence from Jefferson and others.

We doubt, however, if Hubert Herring's suggestion that the President be required in future to consult with House and Senate committees quite meets the problem today. The President would be strongly tempted in emergencies to take advantage of the prevailing theory, mistaken as it is, that in foreign policy the nation must appear united, and I fear that congressional committees, when consulted confidentially, would too rarely oppose his leadership.

The power to involve a great nation like ours in foreign wars should henceforth rest in the hands of the whole people. A general war between great nations is now nothing less than national suicide. Congress is no longer a sufficient check on the President in a foreign crisis. As you point out in your editorial, it was President Wilson, and not Congress, who involved us in the Great War to a point where Congress deemed it too late to draw back. The President and Postmaster General Farley during the forenoon of January 10 of this year obtained by telephone and political pressure the recantations of fifty-one Democratic Congressmen who had signed a discharge petition which would have required discussion of the Ludlow War Referendum bill. No clearer indication could be given of the fact that peace is not safe in the hands of the President and Congress.

The people have reclaimed many rights from their legislatures by the principle of the referendum. On the supreme issue of war or peace, the people, and the people only, should have the determining voice. Our country cannot be invaded, as all well informed military experts testify. Then before we indulge in another vast and destructive foreign adventure, that would bring dictatorship and fascism upon us, those who must "do the paying and the dying" have the right to make the decision.

FREDERICK J. LIBBY, Executive Secretary,
Washington, D. C. National Council for Prevention of War

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Dr. L. A. Eldridge Jr., of Great Neck, Long Island, congratulates us on the editorial "Limit the War Power" (July 27). "I hope you will develop this theme and keep it before the public during the coming congressional debate on the neu-

York, says in regard to our editorial "We Like Mr. Hughes" (July 20): "Well, I do not! With $17,000,000 from public oil wells, all this male Babs Hutton can find to do in a troubled world is to fly around the world!"

Marina Lopes of the Joint Committee for the Defense of the Brazilian People, New York City, sends us a copy of a letter from Dr. Pablo Minelli, an outstanding political figure in Uruguay and a member of the Colorado Batllista Party's National Executive Committee. The letter concerns the Continental Congress of Democracy which will be held later in the year at Montevideo, a gathering of democratic parties and organizations from all over Latin America and from the United States to cement their opposition "against the interests and forces—internal or foreign to the Hemisphere—conspiring against peace, the rule of right, human dignity and moral principles." . . . Announcement has been made of the establishment in New York City of a new publishing firm known as the Alliance Book Corporation. Its offices are in the premises of Longmans, Green and Company, 114 Fifth Avenue. It has made contact with the most important European publishers handling the works of German and Austrian authors living outside Germany and Austria, to publish all their books in America. The fall and winter 1938-39 list will include works by Vicki Baum, Alfred Doblin, Lion Feuchtwanger, Bruno Frank, Leonhard Frank, Martin Gumpert, Konrad Neiden, Franz Koermendi, Annette Kolb, Emil Ludwig, Heinrich Mann, Thomas Mann, Alfred Neumann, Erich Maria Remarque, Rene Schickele, Arthur Schnitzler, Ernst Toller, Franz Werfel, Arnold Zweig, Stefan Zweig, Carl Zuckmayer and many others.

James Oneal and Carlo Tresca, of New York City, write about the predicament of Girolamo Peduzzi, now at Ellis Island under order of deportation. Peduzzi, former Socialist and Communist, entered the United States illegally after having been deported successively from France, Belgium and the USSR. He is under eighteen years' sentence in Italy, to which country he is likely to be sent if he is forced to go to France, from which country he came to the United States. He is seeking a delay of deportation, at least long enough to arrange to be sent to some other, friendly country.

What's on the Air?

Dr. Glenn Frank, chairman of the Republican Program Committee, summarizes its conference proceedings, Saturday, August 6, 8:30 P.M., NBC-Red Network.

Professor William Montgomery McGovern of Northwestern University speaks on the program called "The Roving Professor," Monday, August 8, 7:45 P.M., NBC-Red Network.

Salvador de Madariaga, former Spanish Ambassador to the United States, talks from Geneva, Switzerland, on "The European Crisis," Tuesday, August 9, 3:15 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

Dr. Paul B. Sears of Teachers' College, Columbia University, talks on the "Adventures in Science" program, Friday, August 12, 7:30 P.M., CBS.

Musical and dramatic programs of the week include the final broadcast by the Cincinnati Summer Opera Company, Saturday, August 6, 11 P.M., NBC-Red Network; Lewisohn Stadium Concert, Sunday, August 7, 8:30 P.M., CBS; the Mercury Theatre dramatizes "My Little Boy" by Carl Ewald, Monday, August 8, 9 P.M., CBS; the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Monday, August 8, 9:30 P.M., NBC-Red Network; Alfred Wallenstein's "Symphonic Strings," Wednesday, August 10, 10 P.M., Mutual; "They Knew What They Wanted" by Sidney Howard, Thursday, August 11, 9 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; and the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, Friday, August 12, 10:20 P.M., Mutual

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The New French Epic

SOME DAY IN THE FUTURE, when historians study the shocks and convulsions that are our daily bread, they will be amazed to discover, thriving in the midst of them, the patient flowerings of human thought. And it is quite possible that despite the anguish besetting the French people, who hear war rumbling at their very door and see a parricidal enemy hatching new conspiracies in the heart of their own country, it will be mainly France at which posterity will marvel, for all the flowers, songs and great books she is producing.

In these very times that force a writer to plunge into their surging tides, instead of serenely watching from the shore, the French novel has been particularly successful in achieving a synthesis of artistic serenity and historical understanding of the troubled period in which we live. I doubt that there is any other country where one can find a more harmonious solution of this problem, which, in the novel, amounts to a sort of squaring of the circle.

And yet there is no other country where writers were less prepared for this great test. In no other country was the novelist's isolation from life regarded as an absolute dogma—so completely accepted that even now, should you express your doubt of it to a Frenchman, he would be astonished to hear it questioned—although the best French writers have just refuted it in practice. Indeed, these writers themselves, in spite of their recent works, still profess the traditional theory. And this divorce between theory and practice, between the literary conceptions held by the novelists and the historical evolution of their novels, is the most notable characteristic of a spiritual season that has been stained with the blood of war and burned in the sun of a great hope.

It is especially interesting to note the vital and profoundly moving contradiction presented by one of the greatest French writers, who already is considered as one of the greatest writers in the world. At the very moment when André Malraux published "Man's Hope" ("L'Espoir") [1]—a book essentially born of the Spanish war and drawing its strength from it, a book throbbing with the tragedy from which the author, one of the actors, has returned with haunted eyes—an art magazine, Verve (December, 1937), printed a few pages from a "Psychology of Art" by André Malraux. The short introduction to this work informed us that his psychology "strives to build on this basic datum: that the raw material of art—no matter at what time or in what civilization—is not life."

It must be said that "Man's Hope" is a basic book of our time—a book in which our highest ideals confront our most urgent realities. I do not intend here to sift the flaws or analyze the greatness of the book. It is the measure of our time, it expresses our time—and of what other book could you say as much? At grips with the complex mirage of Spain and the naked problem of war, Magnin—the hero in whom we are forbidden to recognize Malraux himself, since the author has made him a left-wing socialist adorned with a mustache—goes all the way from the Apocalypse to Revolutionary Order—the way of modern

Malraux's greatness does not lie in his explaining the lesson of the Spanish war, but in his submitting to it, and brilliantly recognizing that submission. From "Man's Fate" to this book, whether Malraux agrees with us or not, a gigantic change has taken place, and the author's own outlook has been affected by it. In "Man's Hope" the event no longer plays the role of a mere setting for the ideas. Today Malraux is carried away by the tide of reality. He plunges into it, is overcome by it, and then emerges and masters it: he is *realistic* in the very fact of transcending reality.

I know from Malraux's own lips that "Man's Hope" is something entirely new in his art. Here is what he told me while he was writing the book: "For the first time I have more material than I can use." Or, if these are not literally his words, this is their exact meaning. And we now read in Verve, under Malraux's signature, "The raw material of art is never life, it is always another work of art."

I have no doubt that Malraux will be able to explain, with the profundity that conquers and fascinates his audience, what according to him is only an apparent contradiction. Personally, I want to stress the contradiction, because it symbolizes for me the whole tragedy of modern man, the *ecce homo* of this period of wars and revolutions. The same man who is ready to sacrifice his life and who actually risked it for the Spanish people says: "Only one people on earth was ever worth saving, and that is the people of statues." "For man," says Malraux in the same article, "makes his gods with his entire self, but he makes his art with his deepest truth, with the world reduced to the image of his secret."

I believe that the author of "Man's Hope" has passed far beyond this statement by the author of "Man's Fate." But how could we fail to call attention to that point in his thinking where the man of yesterday separates himself from the man of tomorrow? The very heart of our time is beating in this knot of contradictions.

We feel the same pulse, sometimes muffled and sometimes distinct, in several other books which have made this tragic year for the world a great one for French literature.

François Mauriac, still obsessed by his ghosts, gave us a book last spring that will not figure among his most important works, because it is not a novel, but only a collection of short stories—stories like splinters from the flesh of several novels he will never write. "Soundings" ("Plongées") is a strange book in which Mauriac's old heroine, Thérèse Desqueyroux, comes back, a somber provincial torn between her violent piety and her hatred of the world she lives in, a hatred that leads her to crime. Here Thérèse returns as a witness against our own era. Mauriac the poet often makes us forget Mauriac the prophet (I never have read anything more like the dawn in Paris than this line, which comes after a pitiless analysis of insomnia: "The sparrows chirped in the wet chestnut trees"), but Mauriac also is a prophet in the same sense as Balzac.

In an article on the Cagoulards, printed in Le Figaro, Mauriac declared—with a brutal frankness that has brought down a shower of insults on his head—that he always knew the bourgeois he dined with were capable of

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precursor of a French unity that is announced in more than one document he has signed. I am not referring here to the declaration which, in the face of the dangers threatening our country, was jointly signed by him, Malraux, myself and ten other writers of good will. I am thinking rather of these lines from an article printed June 18 in Le Figaro:

> It was always the role of tyrants to unite, in a stream of blood, the pure truth to other truths that we do not regard as altogether pure. Quite possibly Hitler has no other mission in this world than to teach men separated by race and doctrine that they are the objects of the same hatred only because they are united in the same love.

Mauriac is an inspired Catholic whose thinking turns against the world that surrounds him; and his Thérèse Desqueyroux may well be regarded as the symbol of his own attitude. Everyone knows Flaubert's sally: "*Madame Bovary? C'est moi!*" Thérèse Desqueyroux, this contemporary Bovary, is no more Mauriac than Magnin is Malraux, but she casts a greater light on Mauriac's thoughts, and his opposition to a milieu that superficially seems to be his own, than do the recent articles in which the academician Mauriac, since the Ethiopian war, periodically takes up the cudgels against the tyrants and in behalf of mankind.

Like André Malraux, who transcends his artistic contradictions in all his work and life, François Mauriac, at the very heart of the social contradictions in which he lives, transcends them in his books—which will survive these contradictions, because they are an important document of our society.

Mauriac's cool lucidity, which made him declare after the murder of Carlo Rosselli, "I always knew those people were capable of this," is confirmed in a powerful and original work by another Catholic, Georges Bernanos, who blends a monarchist outlook with his religious certitudes.

"Great Cemeteries under the Moon" ("Les Grands Cimetières sous la Lune") is a stark and magnificent book, with the pride and force of a torrent, but it is not fiction and I apologize for putting it side by side with "Man's Hope" and "Soundings." Still, our picture of the present literary period in France would be incomplete without it. And even though "Great Cemeteries" is not a novel, we cannot help seeing in this book Georges Bernanos' life story—the story of a monarchist, aristocrat of the mind, whose son had been a Falangist fighting for Franco, who, in Majorca at the outbreak of the rebellion, had applauded the triumph of the generals and the coming of the first Italian planes, and who was destined to write this bitter and magnificent book, one that will be the cornerstone of the indictment drawn up by posterity against the murderers of the Spanish people.

In a French left-wing paper, a critic observed that, although Bernanos' conceptions and tastes remain monarchistic, he must realize, after a book such as this, that the ideal he stands for is republican. I do not think Bernanos would be pleased by this opinion; certainly, Mauriac's phrase I quoted above, about the role of tyrants, more accurately explains why the volunteer for freedom, Malraux, the independent Georges Bernanos and the academician Mauriac are united in the same visible hatred and

"What!" exclaims Bernanos, "you believe that the bourgeois in Mauriac's novels are lifelike and you refuse to believe that the smell of blood might one day go to their heads? Yet I have seen strange things. . . ."

He saw the people of Majorca drowned in their own blood by the orders of General Count Rossi, who was "neither a general, nor a count, nor Rossi, but an Italian official belonging to the Blackshirts"—and that with the blessings of "the personage whom good manners compel me to call His Excellency the Bishop-Archbishop of Palma."

Is Bernanos' aristocratic attitude before this massacre of the people any more valid than Malraux's esthetic conception of life, according to which the only people worth saving is the people of statues? Reality carries away these men and their ideas toward a greater faith in mankind, which in Malraux is strengthened by the creation of a republican army under the inspiration of the Spanish Communists. Bernanos has not gone so far; yet we must stress, in this aristocrat and foe of bourgeois society, his manner of speaking of the people, and especially of the French people. For in them Bernanos sees the true heir of the medieval virtues; in our workers' *self-respect* he sees the modern expression of the ancient noblemen's *honor*.

Among these varied works by men whom everything had separated and who now find themselves united, I like to count another of the writers who are the glory of France, another independent who, in 1938, wanted to revise both his ideas and his work. I refer to Henri de Montherlant.

Just at the time "Great Cemeteries" was published, Montherlant reprinted his "Olympics," which had appeared in several parts in 1924. Montherlant, too, is an aristocrat who hates and despises the bourgeois world, with its pitiable remnants of a decayed aristocracy. In the midst of that world, "Olympics" is an oasis discovered by the author in the realm of sports. A new preface and several notes scattered about the old text stress a conclusion which Montherlant draws from his pagan exaltation of the human body, and by which he passionately opposes the Christian ideal. However, though a kind of anti-religious fervor is the most visible and the most noted element in this reprint of "Olympics," in my opinion there is something else, and something new in the pages added to this book, which in its day was awarded the Grand Prix of literature by the French Academy, though its author disdained the road thus opened to him.

Just as Malraux discovers man in war, so Montherlant discovers man in the oasis of sports—the common humanity from which everything had separated him: "differences in culture, education, preoccupations, ambitions, sphere of activity, money." But Montherlant does not see in sport an intermediary for class collaboration. "Society needs hatreds," he says, "for the overturnings by which it moves ahead, just as the soil needs to be turned over in order to bear fruit." What he finds in sport is a teaching, and in this teaching we see emerging that "same love" which, according to Mauriac, unites those who are brought together by the crimes of the tyrants. I want to quote a passage from the preface to "Olympics," because it defines a great number of French intellectuals—the best of them—and because it shows, in a different manner, the path found by Magnin

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If I am asked, "What will remain of your athletic comradeship between bourgeois and proletarians when they are no longer brought together in the stadium?" I will answer, "What remains of our school friendships? Of our war friendships? And what remains of our loves? That is not the question. Personal ties loosen, because there is nothing more natural than this loosening. What remains is the knowledge of a world that had been foreign to us, and some sympathy for it. A long time has passed since a certain colonial officer ceased loving his first Arab mistress, but since he loved her, the Arab woman made him discover and love the Moslem world for which he had felt nothing but hatred and contempt—with the result that he now refuses to fight against the Arabs. And there are bourgeois war veterans, in whom the comradeship of arms left a desire, not for turning machine guns against their former comrades, but rather for understanding social questions, an understanding of which they had not felt the need before."

Thus in 1938 the French intellectuals are animated by a movement toward a new unity, a deeper understanding of the real world. And men as opposed in their personal beliefs as Montherlant, who is an atheist, and Mauriac, who is a Catholic, both with equal fervor, are perhaps near to discovering that they are "united in the same love" with Bernanos and Malraux. It was not mere chance that these four names were signed to the declaration of fraternity I have mentioned above, with those of André Chamson, Colette, Lucien Descaves, Louis Gillet, Jean Guéhenno, Jacques Maritain, Jules Romains, Jean Schlumberger and the signer of this article. The day is coming in France when everyone who believes that he is the bearer of a "pure truth" will be willing to have it conjoined with "other truths that we do not regard as altogether pure," because truths are united by the hostile unity of falsehood and because there can be only one great party of Life in the face of Death.

Thus French unity begins among the poets. But that is only because the poets have discovered the hero of the new French epic. That hero is the people of France.

LOUIS ARAGON

This is the first of several letters from France, to appear at monthly intervals. The second will be written by H. R. Lenormand. — THE EDITORS

Books in Review

Mr. Strachey and the State

JOHN STRACHEY is by all odds the ablest popularizer of Marxism now writing. His new book,[1] which is a discussion of the past and the future of the British and American labor movements, is, like his other books, simple, clear, plausible, persuasive. Lenin said that "it is the duty of a Bolshevik patiently to explain," and Strachey obeys the master. But there is a prior human duty which Strachey sometimes scamps; he doesn't always try patiently to understand. His book is in some respects the book of a debater, and it plays verbalistic tricks in the best Oxford Union manner. Its assumptions are casual and bland; you are apt to swallow them as a child swallows mineral oil in his orange juice, without noticing. And having accepted the assumptions you find yourself, thirty pages on, plop in the middle of an "either-or" dilemma which any good logical positivist in any good graduate school of philosophy could riddle as a purely verbalistic trap.

The reason Mr. Strachey must begin with loaded assumptions is that he is a philosophical monist and believes in constructing a closed, logic-tight system at all costs. He believes that his socialism—the socialism of Marx-Lenin-Stalin—is "scientific." Yet his hunger to create a tidy intellectualist world leads him to overlook certain inconvenient facts. On his immediate program for a Left coalition—a program based on a defense of the democratic "bridgeheads" of peace, civil liberties and the standard of living—I am in substantial agreement with him, although I reject his Collective Security plank in so far as it concerns the United States. But as one who lives in a world of negotiated truces and provisional settlements (who was the Frenchman who said, "Nothing endures like the provisional"?), I find myself repelled by Mr. Strachey's monistic assumptions. Marx boasted that he took Hegel and stood him on his head. He should have kicked him in the tail. If he had, Mr. Strachey would today be thinking more clearly about such things as the nature of the State.

Mr. Strachey repeats the Marxist-monist axiom that the State is at any given time the instrument of a class. That is all he knows and all he needs to know about the subject. His figure for the State is revealing: he likens it to a "revolver," which is neither good nor bad in itself. But the simile expresses a thumping fallacy which a scientific study of institutional behavior would quickly expose. A revolver is an inanimate object; it has no desires. But a State is a collection of institutions with desires and loyalties of their own—a civil service, an army, an Ogpu or a Gestapo. Since institutions consist of people who draw salaries and enjoy kudos, they naturally desire to persist; and whether they are "good" or "bad" in themselves depends on the techniques used to ensure persistence. It is not enough for a class to "own" the State; any class, whether capitalist, agrarian or proletarian, must be careful to keep the road to the initiative, the referendum and the recall open at all times lest the "revolver" go berserk and begin to shoot by itself at its own chosen victims, possibly some of its "owners."

But the "revolver" simile is not the entire measure of Mr. Strachey's inadequacy as a philosopher of the State. The fundamental Marxian axiom is in itself suspect; at best it is a half-truth that needs a good deal of qualification and amplification before it can be used safely. For if it is true that the democratic State is merely the "instrument" of the capitalists, then we might as well have fascism, which is

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logical difficulties. For if it is true that the capitalists "own" the democratic State, then how does one explain the necessity of fascism to capitalist rule in Germany? Elsewhere Mr. Strachey has said contemptuously that the Fascists (*i.e.*, the capitalists) merely stole the power in Germany from "under their own pillow." But if they already had the power why did they have to steal it? Doesn't the very fact that they had to steal it prove that the democratic State is not a "class" instrument?

As a matter of fact, Mr. Strachey's immediate program for the labor movement—defense of peace, civil liberties and the standard of living—depends on an unadmitted rejection of the pure Marxian theory of class-instrumentality. It depends on the tacit acceptance of an entirely different theory, the theory that the State under democracy is not an instrument but a broker's office. Provided that you or your group or class can bring sufficient pressure to bear, the broker will balance your claims against the claims of other pressure-groupings and arrive at a compromise decision. Under democracy it is the group that is instrumental, not the State. The State is merely the fulcrum, not the mover. If the opposite were the case the Roosevelt government would be synonymous with Mr. Morgan, and Mr. Strachey would not be writing his lines about an ultimate coalition of labor, the farmer and the small capitalist. In his role of Marxist Mr. Strachey is committed to the True Believer's definition of government; but as a practical politician he is just as much committed to a Populist-Progressive definition of the State as I am.

Jerome Frank has criticized Mr. Strachey for generalizing for the world on the basis of British experience. The criticism holds true even in Mr. Strachey's generalizations about state power. Oddly enough, the career of Harold Laski is instructive here. When he lived in America, with its many regional and group conflicts, Mr. Laski adhered to the "broker" theory of the State. Government, he said, is a function of that group or those groups which are in a position to make the most effective demands upon it. But when he moved to England, which has a homogeneous owning class and a large working class but few freehold farmers and no antagonistic regional groupings, Mr. Laski shifted his ground. Thus theories of the State are conditioned by the time and the place; the Marxist theory, which is laid down as an absolute, is no different from all the rest.

In concentrating on the central fallacy of Mr. Strachey's book I have left myself no room for a discussion of his history of the ideas which have animated the British and American labor movements. Sometimes his history is remarkably good; sometimes it is cut to fit the requirements of his system. The same is true of his economic theory, which conveniently overlooks the experience of the Scandinavian countries. And the same is true of his discussion of "the new model"—or Bolshevik—labor party, which won a victory in Russia but has yet to win in a country with a large middle class. At some future date I would like to review more of Mr. Strachey's book. And I would like, also, to discuss his acceptance of the labor theory of value, for he has the monist's delusion that value must be explained by one thing and one thing alone. As a pluralist, it seems to me that value is created by two things: the work that goes into a product and the scarcity of the materials

Fable in Slang

The World Is Mine, by William Blake. New York: Simon and Schuster. $3.

WILLIAM BLAKE is the pseudonym of a revolutionist who became a financial editor, then a grain broker, and then in his early forties began writing fiction. This combination of careers is no more unusual than his first novel. As they say in the book trade, it has everything—a big theme, desperate adventures, financial intrigues, high philosophy, a handsome Spanish hero and patches of sex interest sprayed on with a paint gun. It reminds me simultaneously of "Europa," "Anthony Adverse" and "The Count of Monte Cristo." Its chief fault is that the author can't put words together, can't make them ring pleasantly in the ear, can't make them convey the shape and color and movement of his story.

It is a good story too, an impossible melodrama that is plausible in most of its details and ends as a convincing fable. By a series of brash maneuvers, Don Cristóbal Pinzón, of Barcelona, becomes the richest man in the world. There are two things he wants to do with his money. First he wants to revenge himself on the English swindlers who had ruined his father; he ruins each of them in his turn, and drives them all to their graves. But second he wants to revenge himself on the whole bourgeois world; he is an anarchist in spite of his wealth and he hopes to establish a libertarian society in Spain, after the landlords and capitalists have been killed off. In this second aim he fails, and he is finally executed by the Spanish anarchists themselves, because they fear with some justification that he is going to betray them in order to save his own life. The perfectly valid lesson of the fable is that no man alone can make a revolution, even if he is ten times as rich as the Rockefellers. He can defeat his personal enemies but not the system as a whole.

The fable is supported by what seems to be a thorough knowledge of financial practice and revolutionary theory. It carries us—sweeps us, rather—through all the crises of the last thirty years. But it is spoiled for me by being told in an undigested prose that is a mixture of British and American slang, big Latin words, French phrases, thieves' jargon from Wall Street and a curious sort of imagist poetry suggesting the earlier work of Maxwell Bodenheim. From this book of more than 700 pages, I might quote two short passages, not as horrible examples but as absolutely average specimens:

> Increasing credit demands in New York were fully accounted for by the Amazon River flow of loans to share speculators in the Greek-temple bedlam of Broad Street. The visibility on the economic horizon became extremely low.

Let's go back over this carefully. The Amazon River, a hundred miles wide, flowed into a madhouse that was also a Greek temple, while visibility was extremely low—as a result of the river mists? Quite obviously the trouble here is that Mr. Blake has no idea of words as pictures; instead he uses them as pure and colorless abstractions.

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smell of the old books in the British Museum, in which Marx illuminated the scroll of activities he really created outside."

Don Cristóbal was so angry at the wordy Socialists that instead of talking he howled. And part of what he howled was "the British Museum, in which Marx illuminated the scroll of activities he really created outside." I don't know exactly what that means, but I do know that it can't be howled and has to be spoken in a rather calm voice if you don't want to get your tongue twisted or lose your breath. Quite obviously the trouble here is that Mr. Blake doesn't listen to the words he is using. They have no color, they have no rhythm, they have no sound; they are mathematical symbols like the quotations chalked on the blackboard in a grain broker's office. That is all right for speculators, but a poet or a novelist can't afford to deal in abstractions; he has to dip his hands into the actual wheat.

There are scores, hundreds of contemporary writers who use words in the same gaudy but lifeless fashion as William Blake. They have knowledge and some of them have ideas full of power. They could write fine novels, if they could write.

MALCOLM COWLEY

Studies in Fear and Anger

Foreign Affairs: 1919-1937, by E. L. Hasluck. New York: The Macmillan Company. 364 pages. $2.50.
Conscript Europe, by Randolph Leigh. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 308 pages. $3.
Unto Caesar, by F. A. Voigt. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 315 pages. $3.

MANY YEARS AGO John B. Watson played tricks on babies and thereby demonstrated that the human animal instinctively reacts to loud noises and loss of support with the "fear" response—*i.e.*, muscular contraction, movements of avoidance and angry yelling. Scholars and journalists, like diplomats and strategists, are but babies grown bigger. As they survey a gloomy globe, they encounter loud noises and loss of support on every hand. Some few are moved to investigate the causes of these disturbing phenomena in the hope of arriving at diagnoses and remedies, but many more shrink and howl like Watson's infants. Such behavior does not add to the midsummer joys of book readers or reviewers.

Mr. Hasluck fortunately is an English historian who is filled less with dread and wrath at the perplexities of a disjointed world than with an honest desire to assemble evidence and achieve understanding. His useful volume on "Foreign Affairs: 1919-1937" is a summary of domestic and foreign politics in most of the non-British nations of the earth since the armistice of 1918. His style is clear, his method somewhat pedestrian. His interpretations are seldom brilliant but are always sane and often stimulating. Save for introductory and concluding chapters on Versailles and the League of Nations, his order of presentation is geographical: thirty-seven pages on Germany, ten on Austria, five on Czechoslovakia, thirteen on France, twenty-six on Italy, twenty-seven on the United States and smaller sections on the lesser nations of Europe, Africa, Asia and

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the soul of wit. But it is no small feat to have attained lucidity and accuracy in so small a compass.

Journalists Leigh and Voigt, on the other hand, are concerned chiefly with calling names and running away. Their worries and hatreds have public significance only because they are shared by millions of their fellow countrymen. Randolph Leigh, having persuaded himself that something called "Europe" is little more than a nest of scorpions, elaborately washes his hands of the wicked and wily foreigners and gives thanks that Americans are not as other men. With loud denunciations, interspersed with largely undocumented figures and facts, he "proves" that England stinks of oligarchy, feudalism, cant and poverty; that Germany is prolific, militaristic and slightly insane; that France ("Gimmeland") is greedy and ill disciplined; that Spain is "a land of ungovernable men" filled with a "wild thirst for glory"; that Czechoslovakia is a "French knife in Germany's back" and is "self-determinism reduced to absurdity"; that Europeans are idiotic worshipers of art (no, not worshipers of idiotic art) and that, all in all, they are a gang of rascals. His book, says Mr. Leigh in a burst of frankness, is "anti the whole predatory pack now dominant there—even in holy Albion!"

The author of "Unto Caesar" is not, as the jacket tells us, the "brilliant foreign-affairs editor of The Manchester Guardian." Mr. F. A. Voigt is The Guardian's parliamentary correspondent in London—a different position altogether—and his brilliance is certainly erratic. He observes in a footnote that most current books on politics (his own presumably excepted) are "worthless." "Conscript Europe" perhaps proves his point. But "Unto Caesar" clinches it beyond all possibility of challenge. This fantastic volume, says the jacket blurb, is "unique among all books on world affairs." Any reader familiar with the great liberal tradition of the paper which Mr. Voigt represents will agree and will rub his eyes in wonderment at every page.

Mr. Voigt hates dictators and fears war. But he hates and fears Marxism above all else, for Marxism threatens property and profits while fascism merely outrages his sense of decency. Marxists, like Nazis, are "arrogant" and "superficial" spreaders of "intellectual servility and corruption." Their vision is "monstrous by reason of its ferocity and complete lack of moral and poetic depth and grandeur." Their creed is "mass-madness." The Communists carried "Muscovite barbarism into German civilization" and made Nazi barbarism possible. While Mussolini is not so bad, Lenin and Hitler are as alike as two rotten peas in a pod. The Spanish government is "chiefly made up of Socialists and Communists." "Berlin is a stronghold of freedom compared to Moscow." "The assassination of Stalin would be as commendable as the assassination of any tyrant." War is coming but England has no policy and should have none beyond huge armaments and muddling. Laissez-faire is Mr. Voigt's panacea for all ills. The League of Nations is a joke, sanctions are criminal, peace agreements are useless, but there is still hope. Where? In the Kellogg Pact! Mr. Voigt's preposterous conglomeration of falsehood and nonsense is dedicated to "S. O. Levinson, the father of 'Outlawry' with affectionate admiration."

timid scream at bogies bred of their own anxieties. The long suffering reader who exposes himself to the bile of the panic-stricken will need a potent antidote to escape despair. Happily one is at hand: Thomas Mann's "The Coming Victory of Democracy." Here is the perfect answer to Leigh and Voigt: "The times of Manchesterism and of passive liberalism are gone forever. . . . Freedom must discover its virility. It must learn to walk in armor and to defend itself against its deadly enemies." Here, as always, the most dangerous enemies are those within the gates.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

Battle Piece

A Day of Battle, by Vincent Sheean. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

"A DAY OF BATTLE" was written, I suppose, under the influence of the excellent Stendhalian doctrines of order, precision and control; and it is by such standards that the novel must be judged. It is a clean, honestly made piece of work, containing a few passages of excitement, one or two scenes of beauty, fine portraits of the Pompadour and Maurice Saxe, all written in a pleasant and sober English. It is, for all of that, no more than a moderately interesting piece of writing, a nicely made museum piece.

Most of it is a straightforward account of the events of May 11, 1745, when the French, aided by the exiled Scots and Irish, were attacked by the English forces at Fontenoy. This temporal limitation of the subject must undoubtedly have caused Mr. Sheean to decide that everything in his novel should move steadily toward its climax, defined by history as the defeat of the English. That is why, one imagines, gorgeous opportunities are thrust aside again and again. The ball at Versailles, or the scene in the king's lodging before the battle, might easily have bulged out of the framework had they been treated generously. Mr. Sheean has preserved the form of his novel, but the result is something like poverty.

And this is not the way to write about a battle, or it was a damned poor battle. One's pulse did not quicken in reading this mixture of description and commentary, and yet the fighting should have been the high point of the book. Some things are surely downright blunders. Take the case of Mézières' dream. The young French noble finds time heavy on his hands and so, during the battle, lies down and sleeps. (The man had luck, or Mr. Sheean had in thinking of it.) He dreams, as often he has done, of a young blue-eyed English girl, of such angelic loveliness that it would have been an outrage to touch her face, and Mr. Sheean tells us that the dream has no erotic significance. Moreover, Mézières has never met such a girl in real life, nor has he visited England. What can be the significance of this passage? Well, it provides a well placed interlude, of course, and it is so beautifully written that one is tempted to accept it. But this cannot be Mr. Sheean's intention in describing at length so utterly improbable a dream. And not unexpectedly, later in the battle Mézières slits the throat of an English boy whose face is strangely familiar. He cries to his young victim, "Your sister. Is she your sister?" and so Mr. Sheean makes his point, at which I completely revolt when heart and imagination may have ties on both sides, but the clumsiness of it is just too much for me. Even if it is but a dramatic point, the device is bad.

In his foreword, Mr. Sheean says, "Fontenoy is only a pinpoint upon the movement of that wonderful century, but like any other pinpoint it is full of life when examined under the microscope." Here is a good enough theory; the trouble is that—except for one of the remarks given to Voltaire—Mr. Sheean misses part of the life that ought to be revealed. He also says in the foreword that, with the one exception of d'Argenson, none of the great figures of that day appeared to have any awareness of historic movement. If one had no other knowledge of Mr. Sheean one would have said that he lacked it also. For the great, the overwhelming fact of history at that date was surely not the bankruptcy of the Stuart cause, with this one freakish victory of Fontenoy. If that "pinpoint" was worth a novel, it was in order to point out the cloud, rather bigger than a man's hand, that would become, after Louis XV, the Deluge. Literary excellence is certainly not to be determined by the amount of "social content" in a book; but if an author promises a vision one protests if only a peepshow is displayed. If he offers a microscopic view, then at least he should use a good microscope.

RALPH BATES

A Critique of Poetry

The World's Body, by John Crowe Ransom. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 350 pages. $2.75.

MR. RANSOM describes the essays in this book as "preparations for criticism, for the understanding and definitions of the poetic effects." They discuss both general and particular subjects; among other things the cathartic principle, the mimetic principle, the tense of poetry, "Lycidas," I. A. Richards, T. S. Eliot, Shakespeare's sonnets, Santayana and Edna St. Vincent Millay. It is an interesting collection, and the alternation from critical theory to critical practice gives force to both. Mr. Ransom has an unconventional, if at times disconcerting, mind, and many of his reflections are valuable and awakening.

His chief criterion of literary excellence is metaphysical poetry. According to him it is the best poetry of the past, and poetry like it should be the poetry of the present. It is the finest way to express that concentration on the particular moment of experience which is the business of art as opposed to the less human, less adult, business of science, which concentrates on the abstract. "The intention of Metaphysical Poetry," he says, "is to complement science, and improve discourse." It is the only properly modern poetry, the only kind able to impress contemporary readers "by its thickness, stubbornness and power."

Mr. Ransom, of course, has other standards than this, and makes many more distinctions, but this is the main one. Sometimes it leads him into queer positions, as in his paper on Shakespeare's sonnets, where he throws "a few stones at Shakespeare" because Shakespeare didn't write as good metaphysical poetry as Donne. That is perverse for it attributes to Shakespeare an intention which he never had, and

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poetry. The same perversity appears in Mr. Ransom's discussion of Eliot's "Murder in the Cathedral," where Mr. Ransom seems to me to miss entirely what Eliot was driving at, and which is written, for some reason, in a kind of semi-verbless jargon that, unlike the style of the rest of the book, exasperates the ear. There is, in fact, a rather frequent uncertainty about Mr. Ransom's judgment and expression. His thought, perhaps because of its independence—in many respects one of its best traits—sometimes wanders up blind alleys or gets stuck in bogs, and there are occasions, as in the essay on I. A. Richards, when it stops dead in the middle of the road just when we want it to push on to its goal.

But these are the weakest points in the book. Many of the essays are admirable. The one on Miss Millay, "The Woman as Poet" (Mr. Ransom is not very happy in his titles), is the best attack I know on the dangers of the too common type of poetic criticism which talks about the emotional effect of vowel sounds and accents. It should be read and reread by all academic lecturers on poetry. The essay on "Forms and Citizens," like the essay called "Criticism, Inc.," is penetrating and wise; his discussion of sentiment is illuminating, and in many of the other papers there are observations and discriminations which illustrate Mr. Ransom's own remark that a practising poet can be the best judge of poetry. The book as a whole, in spite of its irregularities, is the reflection of a thoughtful and interesting mind.

THEODORE SPENCER

New Books: A Reader's List

MY MIND A KINGDOM, by George Thomas. With an introduction by V. Sackville West (Dutton, $2.50). The life of a poor London family, most of whose members are incurably crippled, is shown in this remarkably optimistic and courageous diary written by one of the sons.

THE HULL TRADE PROGRAM AND THE AMERICAN SYSTEM, by Raymond Leslie Buell (Foreign Policy Association, 25 cents). A brief but careful analysis of United States tariff policies from the Civil War on, with particular emphasis on the virtues of the Hull plan of reciprocal trade agreements and gradual lowering of tariff barriers.

TERROR IN RUSSIA, by Upton Sinclair and Eugene Lyons (Richard R. Smith, $1). Based upon the attack against Russia in "Assignment in Utopia," this highly provocative debate centers around a question of great moment to liberal and Left intellectuals the world over. A rousing good argument, whatever you think about the recent purges.

SOILLESS GROWTH OF PLANTS, by Carleton Ellis and Miller W. Swaney (Reinhold Publishing Corp., $2.75). The first authoritative popular account in English of the new practical art of "hydroponics," better known as "tray agriculture." The authors explain the principles of growing plants, flowers and grains without soil, and show how it is done. An exciting book for suburbanites who like to cultivate their own gardens.

NEW CREATIONS IN HUMAN BEINGS, by Louis Berman (Doubleday, Doran, $3). More about glands, enzymes and hormones and their vast influence for good and evil upon human beings. The treatment is deliberately interest, but insufficiently substantiated; and we may question Dr. Berman's belief that "a combination of bioanalysis and psychoanalysis, in their broadest meanings . . . would make for the production of a new citizenry."

THIRTY THOUSAND DAYS IN TEXAS, by Sam Acheson (Macmillan, $2.50). A doting staff man compiles the history of The Dallas News, which got going soon after Texas joined up with the Union. Taken as a side history of the state it's rather provincial, but there's gold for those who want to dig down under the slagpiles of forgotten "news."

PRAY TO THE EARTH, by Evelyn Eaton (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50). Aims for the simplicity of "Un Coeur Vierge" but falls on the dull side. About a peasant boy of Provence and his growth: first love, first crime, an interlude in a monastery; older, he wanders into Spain with a gypsy caravan, and is swept off his feet by the civil war.

THE IMPREGNABLE WOMEN, by Eric Linklater (Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50). Looking forward into the past, as E. E. Cummings would say, our writer gives us the next war, and London, Paris, Rome, Berlin and Moscow bombed off the face of the earth. It is 1914 all over again, with the opposing armies deadlocked on the same battlefields, when, *voila!* the women force a peace by going on a love strike. Too heavy for satire.

FROM JUNGLE ROOTS, by Marcos Spinelli (Covici, Friede, $2.50). The first part of the novel, laid in the Matto Grosso jungles of Brazil, has plenty of umph. Then the Noble Savage is put to school, and begins to chafe, and the novelist with him; and it all winds up in Europe as the one about the two great pals loving the same girl. To be read for its vitality and its criticism of the "civilized way."

Contributors

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LOUIS ARAGON is the author of many books of which only "The Bells of Basel" has appeared in English. "Residential Quarters" will be published this fall by Harcourt, Brace. Aragon is also managing editor of the Paris evening newspaper, Ce Soir.

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